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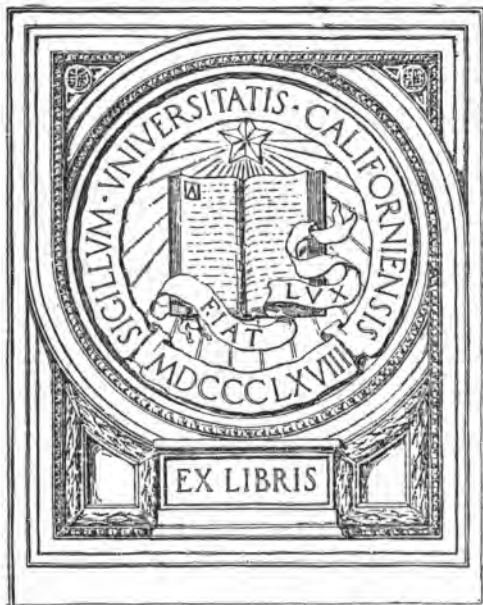
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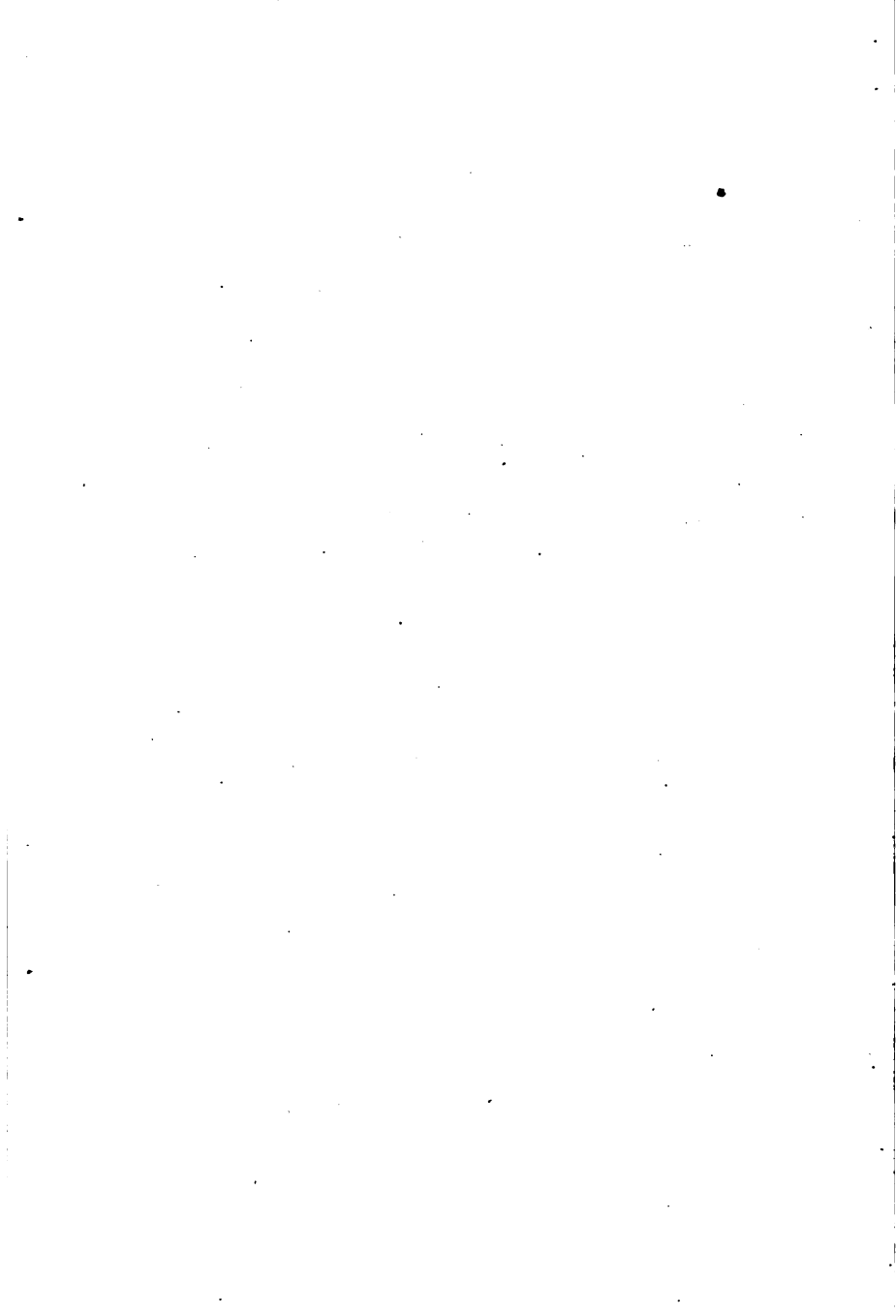
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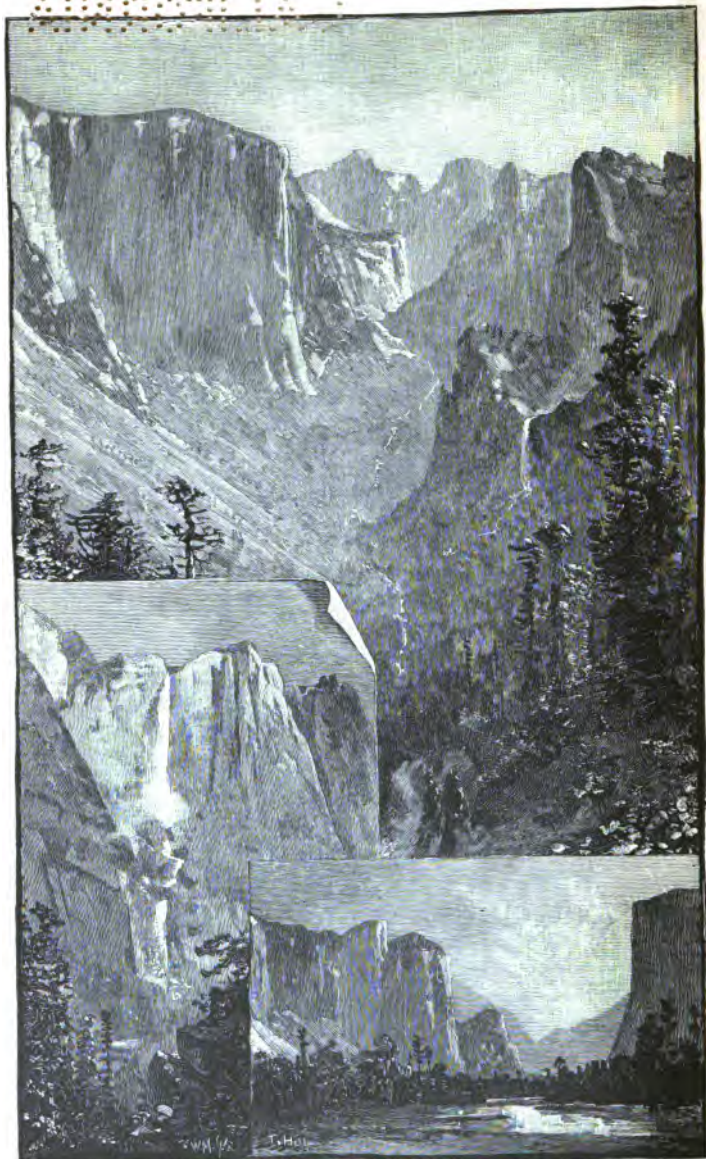


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THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

See p. 14.

BANCROFT'S

FIFTH READER.

BY

JOHN SWETT,

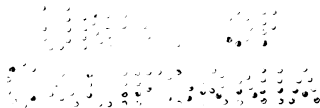
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PREFACE.

In this, the concluding book of the Series, the special methods employed in the Fourth Reader have been continued and extended.

The attention of teachers and school officers is especially called to the following features:

1. The well-balanced combination of instructive and entertaining literary and elocutionary reading matter of which it is made up.
2. The high literary character of the selections from standard writers, well adapted to pupils in the grammar grades.
3. The portraits of eminent authors which accompany selections from their writings.
4. The brief, clear, and practical statement of the principles of elocutionary art in the chapters on Vocal Training, and the variety and quality of illustrative exercises.
5. The special exercises to secure good articulation and correct pronunciation.
6. The carefully selected lessons in oral and written spelling, embracing valuable drills on synonyms.
7. The suggestion of numerous choice selections for memorizing.

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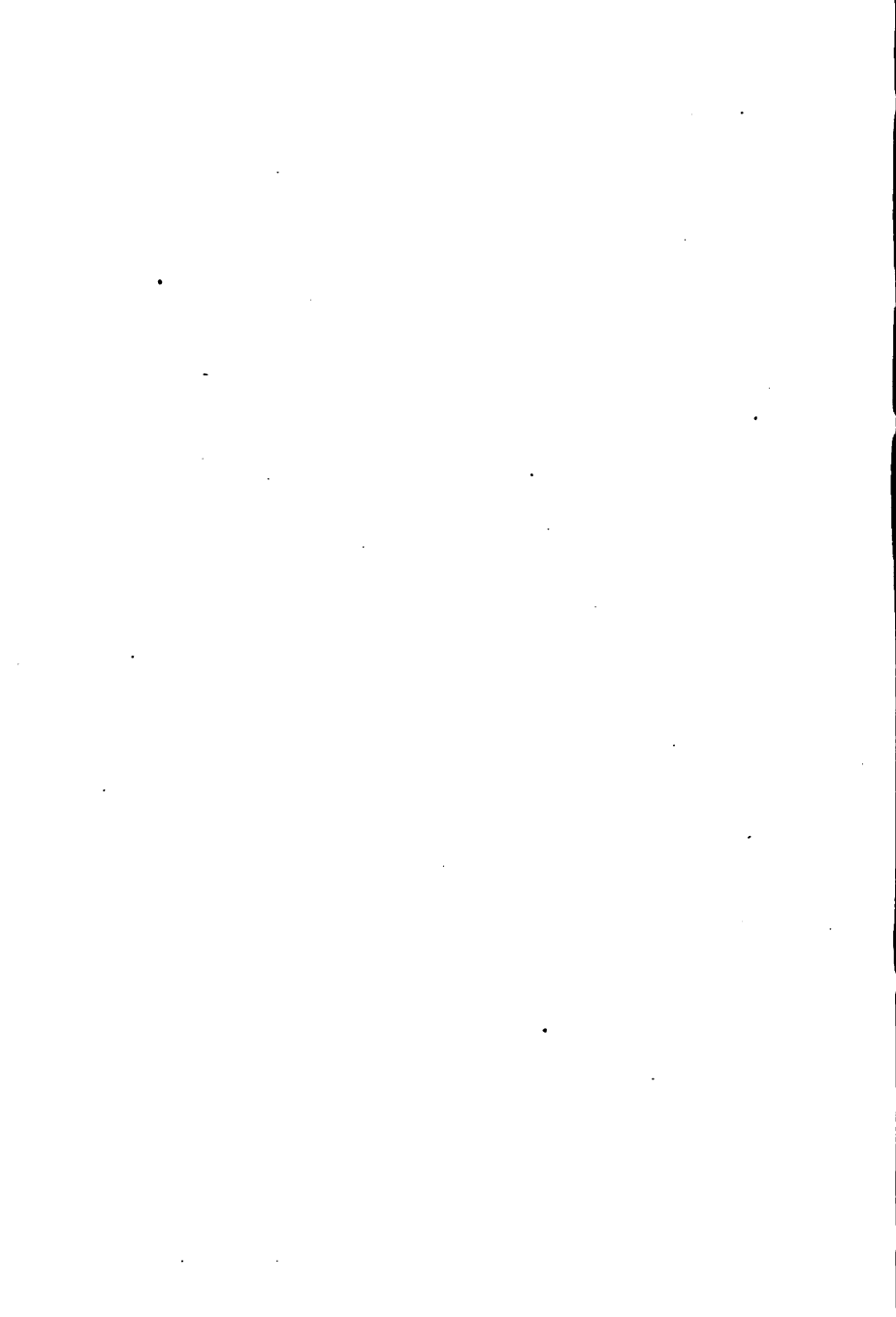
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PART I.





1. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and died in Cambridge, Mass., in 1882, in the old historic mansion which was Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston. He was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Bowdoin College, and, in 1835, became Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres in Harvard University, which position he held for fourteen years.

2. He had a pure, noble, and serene nature, and a warm and tender heart. He was an accomplished scholar. intimately acquainted with the languages and literatures of continental Europe. He was exquisitely sensitive to the beautiful; he looked at every aspect of nature with

a painter's eye, and may be said to have used colors with his pen. He wrote in many different meters, and was a master of melodious versification.

3. Some of his poems prove that he was by no means wanting in strength and fire, but the tender, soothing, elevating character of his poetry generally, entitles him to be called the poet of the affections. He has breathed consolation into many afflicted hearts, and has not only charmed the ear, but has touched the heart of the world. No poet in the English language has been more popular and beloved than Longfellow.

4. In England, it has been decided, as a fitting tribute to "a graceful and tender poet," to place his bust in the Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey. Among his minor poems are: "Children," "The Children's Hour," "Maidenhood," "Resignation," "The Flowers," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Arsenal at Springfield," and "The Building of the Ship."

5. Among other poems that are attractive to young people are the following: "Evangeline," a story of the cruel expulsion by the English of the Acadians, from their home in Nova Scotia; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," a charming picture of Pilgrim times in Plymouth; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and "The Hanging of the Crane."

6. Of Longfellow's style, George William Curtis says: "While the magnetism of Longfellow's touch lies in the broad humanity of his sympathy, which leads him neither to mysticism nor cynicism, and which commends his poetry to the universal heart, his artistic sense is so exquisite that each of his poems is a valuable literary study. In these, he reached a perfection quite unrivaled among living poets, except, sometimes, by Tennyson. His literary scholarship, also his delightful familiarity with the pure literature of all languages and times, must rank Longfellow among the learned poets."

2. THE DEATH OF LONGFELLOW.

1. With a glory of winter sunshine
 Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion,
 He sat on his last birthday;
2. With his books and his pleasant pictures,
 And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing,
 From far and near stole in.
3. It came from his own fair city,
 From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
 And the cedar woods of Maine.
4. And his heart grew warm within him,
 And his moistening eyes grew dim.
For he knew that his country's children
 Were singing songs of him.
5. The lays of his life's glad morning,
 The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
 On the winds of every clime—
6. All their beautiful consolations,
 Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
 And sang in the poet's ear.
7. Grateful, but solemn and tender,
 The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness,
 And a greeting like a farewell.

8. With a sense of awe, he listened
To the voices, sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven,
Seemed in the songs they sung.
9. And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home.
10. And to him, in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

3. THE LIGHT OF STARS.

1. The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.
2. There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
3. Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.
4. And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,

Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

5. O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.
6. Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.
7. The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.
8. And thou, too, whosoe'r thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.
9. O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

1

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

Study this lesson by writing it on slates. Divide into syllables, mark the accented syllable, and use diacritical marks. If necessary, refer to the dictionary.

domicile	peril	utensil	velocity
daffodil	dactyl	projectile	verbosity
fossil	fragile	atrocitv	necessity

4. THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

1. The Yosemite Valley is situated in the middle region of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, on the Merced River. It is about seven miles long, with an average width of a mile and a half.

2. The elevation of the floor of the valley above the level of the sea is four thousand feet. The walls average three thousand feet in height, and are made up of a series of stupendous granite rocks, varying greatly in form and size, and partially separated from one another by deep side-gorges.

3. The bottom of the valley is remarkably smooth and level, but the walls are angular and bare. The meadows and sandy flats support a luxuriant growth of sedges, ferns, and thickets of azalea, ceanothus, and briar-rose. Near the foot of the walls there are magnificent groves of live-oaks and pines. The openings between these are enlivened with countless flowers, such as asters, golden-rods, lilies, mints, and violets, growing in beds and bunches.

4. Fine streams, fed by mountain snows, come foaming down over the rocks into the valley, and unite to form the Merced River. In leaping the lofty walls, they give rise to some of the grandest water-falls in the world. The highest of these, known as the Yosemite Falls, has a descent of two thousand six hundred feet.

5. When the Yosemite was discovered, it was supposed to be the only valley of the kind; but nature is not so poor as to possess only one of any thing. When, therefore, we explore the adjacent mountains, we find many other "Yosemite Valleys," identical in general characteristics, each presenting, on a varying scale, the same kind of mural precipices, level meadows, and lofty water-falls.

6. The Merced Yosemite was created by the action of

five immense glaciers, traces of which still exist upon every rock in the valley. When we follow their retiring footsteps into the highest summits of the Sierra Nevada, we find some of these glaciers still alive, lingering beneath cool shadows, and silently completing the sculpture of the lofty peaks.

JOHN MUIR.

DEFINITIONS.

mu'ral, pertaining to a wall.
 a sa'le a, a flowering shrub of the
 heath family.
 gor'ges, canyons.
 ce a no'thus, California lilac.
 i den'ti cal, the same.

glacier, (*gla'seer*, or *glas'i er*), an
 immense mass of ice, or snow
 and ice, formed in the region
 of perpetual snow, and moving
 slowly down mountain slopes
 or valleys.

COMPOSITION. Close the books, and write all you can remember of this description. Exchange papers, and read one another's compositions to the class.

SUPPLEMENTARY. Turn to your school geography, find, on the map, the situation of the Yosemite Valley, and read the description given in the special state geography.

5. SCENERY OF YOSEMITE VALLEY.

1. A fresh impression of the marvels of nature always awakens a religious emotion. I thought of this more seriously than ever before, when, about two weeks ago, I first looked down from the Mariposa trail into the tremendous fissure of the Sierras. The place is fitly called "Inspiration Point." The shock to the senses there, as one rides out from the level and sheltered forest, up to which our horses had been climbing two days, is scarcely less than if he had been instantly borne to a region where the Creator reveals more of himself in his works than can be learned from the ordinary scenery of this world.

2. We stood, almost without warning, on the summit of the southerly wall of the valley, and obtained our

first impression of its depth and grandeur by looking down. A vast trench, cloven by Omnipotence amid a tumult of mountains, yawned beneath us. The length of it was seven or eight miles; the sides of it were bare rock, and they were perpendicular. They did not flow or subside to the valley in charming curve-lines, such as I have seen in the wildest passes of the New England mountains. The walls were firm and sheer. A man could have found places where he could have jumped three thousand feet in one descent to the valley.

3. More than a thousand feet beneath us was the arching head of a water-fall, that leaped another thousand before its widening spray shattered itself into finer mists in a rocky dell. The roar of it, at our elevation, was a slight murmur. On the wall opposite, about a mile across the gulf, a brook was pouring itself to the valley. Although it was slipping down more than half a mile of undisturbed depth, it appeared to be creeping at its own will and leisure. We could not believe that the awful force of gravitation was controlling it.

"But like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall, did seem."

Noble trees of two hundred feet stature, by the river-side below, were tiny shrubs. The river itself lay like a bow of glass upon the curved green meadow which nestled so peacefully under the shadow of the Egyptian walls. And off from the northernmost cliff, retreating a mile or two from it, soared a bare, wedge-like summit of one of the Sierras—ashy in hue, springing above a vast field of snow which could not cling to its steep smoothness, but lay quietly melting to feed the foam and music of a cataract.

4. So far as we know, the Yosemite Valley offers the most stupendous specimens of natural masonry to be seen on our globe. Switzerland has no gorge that compares with it. The desolate and splintered walls of Sinai

and Horeb are not a quarter so high. No explored district of the highest Andes displays such masses of clean, abrupt rock.

5. The Himalayas alone can furnish competitors for its falls and turrets, if any portion of the earth can. We often read, in accounts of mountain districts or mountain-climbing, about precipices that are thousands of feet in descent, or of cliffs that spring naked and sheer to an equal height. The statements, however, are almost always extravagant exaggerations.

6. But in the Yosemite, a man may ride close to a crag, whose summit, as he holds his head back to discern it, is more than three thousand feet above him. He may stand in the spray of a water-fall and see, forty-three hundred feet over his head, the edge of a mountain wall that shields the water from the early afternoon sun. He may look up to a tower, which resembles an incomplete spire of a Gothic minster, and see its broken edges, softened by more than three quarters of a mile of distance, directly above his eyes.

7. He may sit at an evening, when the sun has retreated from every portion of the valley, and look at the "South Dome," a vast globe of bold rock almost a full mile in height, while the sunset is sheathing it with impalpable gold. Or he may lie, at noon, beneath a tree at the base of one wall of the valley, and allow his eye to wander up at leisure the magnificent battlement called "El Capitan."

8. It is not so high as some of the others I have named, for it is a little less than four thousand feet. But there is not a crevice in it where any thing green can lodge and grow. There is no mark or line of stratification. There is no crack in its huge mass. It is one piece of solid, savage granite.

9. But what words shall describe the beauty of one of the water-falls, as we see it plunging from the brow

of a cliff nearly three thousand feet high, and clearing fifteen hundred feet in one leap? It is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice; but it widens as it descends, and curves a little as it widens, so that it shapes itself, before it reaches its first bowl of granite, into the charming figure of the comet that glowed on our sky some years ago. But more beautiful than the comet, you can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself, and ever pour itself away.

10. And all over its white and swaying mistiness, which now and then swings along the mountain side, at the persuasion of the wind, like a pendulum of lace, and now and then is whirled round and round by some eddying breeze as though the gust meant to see if it could wring it dry;—all over its surface, as it falls, are shooting rockets of water which spend themselves by the time they half reach the bottom, and then re-form, for the remaining descent—thus fascinating the gazer so that he could lie for hours never tired, but ever hungry for more of the exquisite witchery of liquid motion and grace.

11. How little we *see* of nature! How utterly powerless are our senses to take any measure or impression of the actual grandeur of what we do see! Think of being moved religiously by looking at a pinnacle or bluff four thousand feet high, and then think what the earth contains which *might* move us!

12. What if one of the Himalayas could be cloven from its topmost tile of ice to its torrid base, so that we could look up a sheer wall of twenty-eight thousand feet—the equator at the bottom, and at the apex perpetual polar frost! And then think that the loftiest Himalaya is only a slight excrescence on the planet.

13. What if we could have a vision, for a moment, of the earth's diameter, from a point where we could look each way along all its strata and its core of fire, in lines each four thousand miles in their stretch! And

then, remember, that this is nothing—this is not a unit-inch towards measuring the diameter of the Earth's orbit, and that Earth and orbit both are invisible and undreamed of from the Pole Star or Sirius, which is the apex of a reach of space that we can write in figures, but which we could not have counted off yet, if we had begun six thousand years ago, and given each second to a mile!

14. Or what if we could turn from delight at seeing a water-fall of fifteen hundred feet, which looks like the tail of a comet, and could get a sensuous impression of the actual trail of that light upon the sky, a cataract of luminous spray, steady and true, a hundred and twenty millions of miles in extent—more than the distance between us and the sun! And yet this is but one spot upon the dark immensity!

THOMAS STARR KING.

DEFINITIONS.

mar'v'els, wonders.

fi's'ure, chasm.

sheer, perpendicular.

"Egyptian walls," massive, huge walls.

stu pen'dous, astonishing; amazing.

min's'ter, the church of a monastery; or a cathedral church.

ex cres'cence, outgrowth.

lu'min'ous, light-giving.

im pal'pa ble, fine; not capable of being perceived by the touch.

REFERENCE. Find out something about Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb; the Himalayas; the Andes. Turn to your geographies and find their situation, and that of the Merced River.

2

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

scythe	clique	lien	quoit
phlegm	basque	lily	which
phlox	sphinx	thief	twelfth
siege	pique	eighth	yacht
seize	plague	drought	rhythm
sieve	gauge	tongue	through

I. VOCAL TRAINING

I. HINTS TO PUPILS.

I. Stand when you read, and hold your book in the left hand, high enough to bring the head erect.

II. Read clearly and distinctly, and loud enough to be heard by every member of the class.

III. Form the habit of taking frequent partial inhalations, at rhetorical and grammatical pauses, in order to keep the lungs well filled with air.

IV. Think about the meaning of what you read, and enter into the spirit of it. Be in earnest, and do your best.

V. When you are reading over an advance lesson, refer to the dictionary for the definition of any word you do not fully understand.

VI. If you are uncertain about the pronunciation of any word, refer to the dictionary.

VII. After the class drill at school, read the lesson aloud at home, by yourself, or to your parents. You can become a good reader only by long-continued practice.

VIII. Listen attentively to the reading of your teacher, and of the best scholars in your class.

IX. Train yourself to the habit of occasionally raising your eyes from the book for the purpose of looking at the class, or teacher, to whom you are reading.

II. HINTS TO TEACHERS.

I. It is essential that pupils should understand what they read; but, in addition to comprehending the meaning, it is desirable that they should acquire the art of appropriate expression. Hence the importance of thorough drill on the succeeding lessons in vocal training.

II. Teachers in charge of the large classes in graded schools will find it necessary to have most drill exercises in concert; those who are teaching small classes in ungraded schools, can find more time for training pupils individually.

III. Insist upon it that pupils shall acquire the habit of raising their eyes from the book toward the end of each sentence, and looking at the teacher, or the class.

IV. The *Memory Exercises* are of essential importance. If you cannot find time to hear pupils recite or declaim individually, let the class recite or declaim in concert.

III. BREATHING EXERCISES.

Concert drill in articulation, phonic spelling, and concert reading should sometimes be preceded by short exercises in breathing. The length of time in inhaling, or exhaling, may be regulated by the rise and fall of the teacher's hand.

I. Inhale slowly through the nearly closed lips, and exhale through the nostrils. Time, five seconds in inhaling, and the same in exhaling. Repeat five times. In inhaling, fill the lower part of the lungs, and do not elevate the shoulders.

II. The same exercise as above, prolonging the time to ten seconds.

III. Inhale; exhale slowly, giving the sound of long e; then of the Italian a; then of long oo.

IV. Inhale; exhale, giving the sound of long o, prolonged for five seconds; then ten seconds; then as long as possible.

V. Inhale; repeat, until the breath is exhausted, the long vowels: a, e, i, o, u.

VI. Inhale; count from one to ten with one breath; then from one to twenty; then from one to thirty, etc.

VII. The same exercise, counting in a soft whisper.

VIII. Inhale; throw the breath out suddenly with the explosive sound—hä; repeat five times; ten times.

6. ELOCUTION.

1. Elocution is the art of vocal delivery. It is the art of giving correct, elegant, and impressive oral expression to thought and sentiment. Elocution is a fine art, like music and painting. Its object, like that of the other fine arts, is to express the beautiful and touch the heart. Skill in elocution should therefore be prized as a valuable accomplishment. The recitation of some beautiful poem, or the reading of a choice selection, can be made as attractive in society as singing, or as playing the piano.

2. Elocution is also a useful as well as a beautiful art. A well-trained voice and an impressive expression give influence and success. The manner of saying things often makes a deeper impression than the thing that is said. We render ourselves agreeable in social life, and increase our power, by an attractive and pleasing manner of expression. Even business success depends largely upon a person's address; and eminence in public life is to a great degree the result of a clear and forcible expression of thought.

3. Elocution can be taught as well as the arts of music and painting. A thorough course in vocal culture and the art of expression will do as much for the reader as a course of training does for the singer. The human voice, in the hands of a master, may be made to attain a wondrous strength and richness of tone; and the art of artistic and elegant expression may be taught and acquired. Natural talent and genius tell here, as they do in the other arts; but nearly all the high attainments in delivery are the result of natural powers carefully and sedulously trained. The cultivation of this delightful and beautiful art of reading should, therefore, be recognized as a part of a liberal education.

7. WHAT I LIVE FOR.

Require pupils to memorize this poem for recitation.

1. I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.
2. I live to learn their story,
 Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
 And follow in their wake;
Bards, poets, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages
 And Time's great volume make.
3. I live to hold communion
 With all that is divine;
To know there is a union
 'Twixt Nature's God and mine;
To grow wiser from conviction,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
 And fulfill each bright design.
4. I live to hail that season,
 By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
 And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

5. I live for those who love me,
For the hearts that love me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the right that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

BANKS.

8. ALFRED THE GREAT.

1. This noble king possessed all the Saxon virtues. Misfortune could not subdue him, and prosperity could not spoil him. He was hopeful in defeat, and generous in success. He loved justice, prudence, truth, and knowledge.

2. In his care to instruct his people, he did a great deal to preserve the old Saxon tongue. He made just laws for his people. He founded schools and appointed upright judges. He left England better, wiser, happier, in all ways, than he found it.

3. Under his reign, the best points of the English-Saxon character were developed. It has been the greatest character among the nations of the earth. Wherever the Anglo-Saxons have gone, they have been patient and persevering.

4. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the whole world over; in the desert, in the forest, on the sea; scorched

by a burning sun, or frozen by ice that never melts, the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wherever that race goes, there law, industry, and safety for life and property, are certain to arise.

DICKENS'S *Child's History of England*.

COMPOSITION. Write from memory an abstract of this sketch.

SUPPLEMENTARY. If Dickens's *Child's History of England* is in the library, let the class read further extracts about Alfred the Great.

9. THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

1. For many years a touching and beautiful custom might have been witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade. When the companies assembled for parade and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer—it was that of La Tour d'Auvergne. When it was called, the oldest sergeant present stepped a pace forward and, raising his hand to his cap, said proudly:—"Died on the field of honor."

2. He was not unworthy in life of the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, which he entered in 1767. He always served with distinction, but he constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but, finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of eight thousand men, while retaining only the rank of captain. Hence he was known as "The First Grenadier of France."

3. When he was forty years of age, he went on a visit to a friend, in a region that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there, he was careful to acquaint

himself with the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him. He presently learned that the war had actually shifted to that quarter.

4. A regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass, the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then in progress. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where the grenadier was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march.

5. He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that it was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the French of their danger.

6. He hastened on, and, arriving there, found the tower in a perfect condition. But it had just been vacated by the garrison, who, hearing of the approach of the Austrians, had fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

7. He gnashed his teeth with rage when he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair; but immediately, with a grim smile, he began to fasten the main door and pile against it such articles as he could find.

8. When he had done this, he loaded all the guns, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loop-holes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance. Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy. There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking.

9. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, in doing which they would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to hold it against a regiment.

10. It was dark when he reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe that they had abandoned the expedition.

11. About midnight, however, his practiced ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment they came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. He immediately discharged two muskets into the darkness, to warn the enemy that he knew of their presence and intention; then he heard the quick, short commands of the officer, and, from the sounds, supposed that the troops were retiring from the pass.

12. Until morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait till daylight before making his attack.

13. At sunrise, the Austrian commander called on the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons. "Say to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend this pass to the last extremity."

14. The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass. In order to bear upon the tower, it had to be placed directly in front, and within easy musket range of it. Scarcely was it got into position when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower; and this was

continued with such marked effect that the gun was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

15. This was a bad beginning; so, half an hour after the gun was withdrawn, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile, they were received with so rapid and accurate a fire, that, when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the pass.

16. Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For a while this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loop-holes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

17. At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison.

This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise next morning, if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation the terms were accepted.

18. Meantime the French soldier had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with great rapidity, yet with surprising accuracy—for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot.

19. He had determined to stand to his post until he

had accomplished his object, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to give the French army time to complete its maneuver. After that he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy.

20. The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth of the ravine to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out.

21. The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally laden with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load. To the surprise of the Austrians no one followed him from the tower.

22. In astonishment the Austrian colonel rode up to him, and asked in French why the garrison did not come out.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said the soldier proudly.

23. "What!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have the honor, Colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you, that you made such an attempt, Grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

24. The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then, raising his cap, he said warmly: "Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

25. The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them with the grenadier into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

26. When the circumstance came to the knowledge of Napoleon he offered to promote La Tour; but the latter preferred to remain a grenadier.

27. The brave soldier met his death in an action in June, 1800, and the simple and expressive scene at roll-call in his regiment was commenced and continued by command of the Emperor.

DEFINITIONS.

gren a diers' , tall and powerful soldiers.	ma neu'ver , military movement, or stratagem.
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10. POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Require pupils to memorize this extract for recitation.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

11. THE FORMATION OF GOOD HABITS.

1. The habit of *method* is essential to all who have much work to do, if they would perform it easily and with economy of time. The importance of system in the discharge of daily duties was strikingly illustrated in the experience of Dr. Kane when he was locked up among the icebergs of the Arctic Circle, with the prospect of months of dreary imprisonment. With his men enfeebled by disease and privations, and when all but eight of his company had gone to search for a way of escape, he sustained the drooping spirits of the handful who clung to him, and kept up their energies, by systematic performance of duties and by moral discipline.

2. "It is," he observes, "the experience of every man who has either combated difficulties himself, or attempted to guide others through them, that the controlling law must be systematic action. I resolved that every thing should go on as it had done. The arrangement of hours, the distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky,—nothing should be intermitted that had contributed to make up the day."

3. The necessity of *accuracy* to success in any calling is so obvious as hardly to need remark. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. It is better to do a few things carefully, precisely as they should be done, than to do ten times as many in a loose, slovenly way. It matters little what virtues a man has, if he is habitually inexact. Be he a lawyer, an architect, an accountant, or an artisan, his work is done so poorly that it has to be done over again, causing infinite trouble and perplexity.

4. *Punctuality* is another virtue which must be culti-

vated by all who would succeed in any calling, whether lofty or humble. Nothing sooner inspires people with confidence in a business man than this quality, nor is there any habit which sooner saps his reputation than that of being always behind time. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone.

5. Unpunctuality is not only a serious vice in itself, —it is also the cause of other vices; so that he who becomes its victim becomes involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. He who needlessly breaks his appointment shows that he is as reckless of the waste of the time of others as of his own. His acquaintances readily conclude that the man who is not conscientious about his appointments will be equally careless about his other duties, and they will refuse to trust him with matters of importance.

6. Punctuality should be made not only a point of courtesy, but also a point of conscience. The beginner in business should make this virtue one of his first objects. Let him not delude himself with the idea that he can practice it by and by, when the necessity of it will be more cogent.

7. It is not easy to be punctual, even in youth; but in after-life, when the character is fixed, when the mental and moral faculties have acquired a cast-iron rigidity, to unlearn the habit of tardiness is almost an impossibility.

8. The successful men in every calling have had a keen sense of the value of time. They have been misers of minutes. Nelson attributed all his success in life to having been a quarter of an hour before his time.

9. Napoleon studied his watch as closely as he studied the map of the battle-field. His victories were not won by consummate strategy merely, but by impressing his subordinates with the necessity of punctuality to the minute. Maneuvering over large spaces of country, so that

the enemy was puzzled to decide where the blow would fall, he would suddenly concentrate his forces and fall with resistless might on some weak point in the extended lines of the foe. The successful execution of this plan demanded that every division of his army should be at the place named at the very hour.

10. Washington was so rigidly punctual, that when Hamilton, his secretary, pleaded a slow watch as an excuse for being five minutes late, he replied, "Then, sir, either you must get a new watch or I must get a new secretary."

11. Such habits as we have commended are not formed in a day, nor by a few faint resolutions. Not by accident, not by fits and starts are they acquired;—not by being one moment in a violent fit of attention, and the next falling into the sleep of indifference; but by steady, persistent effort. Above all, it is necessary that they should be acquired in youth; for then do they cost the least effort. Like letters cut in the bark of a tree, they grow and widen with age.

12. Once acquired, they are a fortune in themselves; for their possessor has disposed thereby of the heavy end of the load of life,—all that remains he can carry easily and pleasantly. On the other hand, bad habits, once formed, and acquired, as they generally are, in early life, will hang forever on the wheels of enterprise, and in the end will assert their supremacy, to the ruin and shame of their victim.

DEFINITIONS.

con sum'mate, very skillful.
de lude', deceive.
per sist'ent, fixed; tenacious.
ri gid'i ty, stiffness.
ma neu'ver ing, moving adroitly.
pri va'tions, hardships.
con'cen trate, combine; unite.
di vis'ion, two or more brigades.

strat'e gy, generalship; science of military command.
sub or'di nate, those in a lower order of rank.
su prem'a cy, power of commanding or ruling.
com mend', to present as worthy of regard.

12. THE IMAGINARY BANQUET.

[The following story is taken from the "Arabian Nights"—a collection of stories which illustrate the habits, manners, and customs of the people in the East, and which are full of the most incredible marvels, such as are gravely told in Asia Minor, Turkey, and other Mohammedan countries. This is the story which has given origin to the phrase, a *Barmecide Feast*. The *Barmecides* were descendants of Barmec, a very able adviser of the ruler or Caliph of all the Mohammedans, and tutor, and afterwards vizier (or prime minister) to the great Haroun-al-Raschid. His descendants were wealthy, and renowned for their wit and wisdom; and it is of one of them that the following story is told.]

1. My sixth brother was called Shacabac, the hare-lipped, who, by reverse of fortune, was reduced to the necessity of begging his bread. In this occupation he acquitted himself with great address, his chief aim being to procure admission, by bribing the officers and domestics, into the houses of the great, and, by having access to their persons, to excite their compassion.

2. By this means he one day gained admission to a magnificent building, in which, luxuriously reclining on a sofa, in a room richly furnished, he found the master, a Barmecide, who, in the most obliging manner, thus addressed him: "Welcome to my house. What dost thou wish, my friend?"

3. *Shacabac*. "I am in great want. I suffer from hunger, and have nothing to eat."

The Barmecide was much astonished at this answer. "What!" he cried. "What! nothing to eat! Am I in the city, and thou in it hungry? It is a thing I cannot endure. Thou shalt be happy as heart can wish. Thou must stay and partake of my salt. Whatever I have is thine."

4. *Shac*. "O my master! I have not patience to wait, for I am in a state of extreme hunger. I have eaten nothing this day."

Barm. "What, is it true that even at this late hour thou hast not broken thy fast? Alas! poor man, he will die of hunger. Halloo there, boy, bring us instantly a basin of water, that we may wash our hands."

5. Although no boy appeared, and my brother observed neither basin nor water, the Barmecide nevertheless began to rub his hands, as if some one held the water for him, and while he was doing this he urged my brother to do the same. Shacabac, by this, supposed that the Barmecide was fond of fun; and, as he liked a jest himself, he approached and pretended to wash his hands, and afterwards to wipe them with a napkin held by the attendant.

6. *Barm.* "Now bring us something to eat, and take care not to keep us waiting. Set the table here. Now place the dishes on it. Come, my friend, sit down at the table here. Eat, my friend, and be not ashamed; for thou art hungry, and I know how thou art suffering from the violence of thy hunger."

7. Saying these words, although nothing had been brought to eat, he began as if he had taken something on his plate, and pretended to put it in his mouth and chew it; adding, "Eat, I beg of thee; for a hungry man, thou seemest to have but a poor appetite. What thinkest thou of this bread?"

8. *Shac. (Aside.)* "Verily this is a man that loveth to jest with others. *(To Barmecide.)* O my master! never in my life have I seen bread more beautifully white than this, or of sweeter taste. Where didst thou procure it?"

9. *Barm.* "This was made by a female slave of mine, whom I purchased for five hundred pieces of gold. *(Calling aloud.)* Boy! bring to us the dish the like of which is not found among the viands of kings. Eat, O my guest! for thou art hungry—vehemently so, and in absolute want of food."

10. *Shac. (Twisting his mouth about as if eating heartily.)* "Verily this is a dish worthy the table of Solomon."

Barm. "Eat on, my friend. Boy! place before us

the lamb fattened with almonds. Now, this is a dish never found but on my table, and I wish thee to eat thy fill of it."

11. As he said this, the Barmecide pretended to take a piece in his hand and put it to my brother's mouth. Shacabac held his head forward, opened his mouth, pretended to take the piece, and to chew and swallow it with the greatest delight.

12. *Shac.* "O my master! verily this dish hath not its equal in sweetness of flavor."

Barm. "Do justice to it, I pray, and eat more of it. The goose, too, is very fat. Try only a leg and a wing. Halloo, boy, bring us a fresh supply."

13. *Shac.* "O no, by no means! for in truth, my lord, I cannot eat any more."

Barm. "Let the dessert, then, be served, and the fruit brought. Taste these dates; they are just gathered, and very good. Here, too, are some fine walnuts, and here some delicious raisins. Eat, and be not ashamed."

14. My brother's jaws were by this time weary of chewing nothing. "I assure thee," said he, "I am so full that I cannot eat another morsel of this cheer."

Barm. "Well, then, we will now have the wine. Boy, bring us the wine! Here, my friend, take this cup; it will delight thee. Come, drink my health, and tell me if thou thinkest the wine good."

15. But the wine, like the dinner and dessert, did not appear. However, he pretended to pour some out, and drank the first glass, after which he poured out another for his guest.

My brother took the imaginary glass, and, first holding it up to the light to see if it was of a good, bright color, he put it to his nose to examine the perfume; then, making a profound reverence to the Barmecide, he drank it off with marks of profound appreciation.

16. The Barmecide continued to pour out one bumper

after another, so frequently, that Shacabac, pretending that the wine had got into his head, feigned to be tipsy. This being the case, he raised his fist, and gave the Barmecide such a violent blow that he knocked him down.

Barm. (*Very angry.*) "What means this, thou vilest of the creation? Art thou mad?"

17. *Shac.* "O my master! thou hast fed me with thy provisions, and treated me with old wine; and I have become intoxicated, and committed an outrage upon thee. But thou art of too exalted dignity to be angry with me for my ignorance!"

18. He had hardly finished this speech before the Barmecide burst into laughter. "Come," said he, "I have long been looking for a man of thy character. Come, we shall now be friends. Thou hast kept up the jest in pretending to eat; now thou shalt make my house thy home, and eat in earnest."

19. Having said this, he clapped his hands. Several slaves instantly appeared, whom he ordered to set out the table and serve the dinner. His commands were quickly obeyed, and my brother now enjoyed the reality of what he had before partaken only in idea.

3

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS SPELLED IN TWO WAYS.

meter	or metre	fiber	or fibre
luster	" lustre	saber	" sabre
center	" centre	meager	" meagre
specter	" spectre	somber	" sombre
theater	" theatre	scepter	" sceptre
caliber	" calibre	reveler	" reveller
accouter	" accoutre	traveler	" traveller
sepulcher	" sepulchre	rivaled	" rivalled
tunneled	" tunnelled	traveled	" travelled

II. VOCAL TRAINING.—EMPHASIS.

Emphasis, as the term is generally used in Reading, is a special force of voice applied to the most significant or expressive words in a sentence. In its widest signification, however, it denotes *any* means of distinguishing the most expressive words in a sentence, whether by force, inflection, pauses, stress, or quantity.

It is possible to make a word very emphatic by means of an intense whisper. All words distinguished by a strong inflection are emphatic.

A pause before or after a word makes it emphatic by calling attention to it. Words are also made emphatic by prolonging the vowel or the liquid sound—that is, by *quantity*.

In general, the stronger the emphatic force, the longer are the slides, and the more prolonged the sounds. Thus emphasis includes *force*, *quantity*, and *inflection*.

I. DISTINCTIONS OF EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is *absolute* or emotional, when it depends upon the importance of an idea without reference to any other idea; or when it expresses strong emotion or passion. It is *relative* when it depends on relative or contrasted ideas.

II. EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

1. *Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives.*
2. *To àrms! to àrms! to àrms! they cry.*
3. *We may die; die colonists! die slaves!*
4. *Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns, and fling the starry banniers out.*
5. *Up dràwbridge! groom! What, warder, hò! Let the portcùllis fall!*

III. EXAMPLES OF RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

1. It is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*.
2. Not that I loved Cæsar *less*, but Rome *more*.
3. *Science* may raise you to *eminence*; *virtue* alone can guide you to *happiness*.
4. *Custom* is the *plague* of *wise* men, and the *idol* of *fools*.
5. The man is more *knave* than *fool*.
6. *Cowards* die *many* times; the *brave* but *once*.
7. *Hé* raised a mortal to the *skies*;
Shé drew an angel *down*.
8. You cannot *do* wrong without *suffering* wrong.
9. All things are double; *one* against *another*; *tít* for *tát*; an *éye* for an *èye*; a *tóoth* for a *tòoth*; *blóod* for *blòod*; *méasure* for *mèasure*; *lóve* for *lòve*. *Give* and it shall be *given* you. Nothing *vénture*, nothing *hàve*.
10. As Cæsar *loved* me, I *wèep* for him; as he was *fortunate*, I *rejoice* at it; as he was *vàliant*, I *hònor* him; but, as he was *ambitious*, I *sléw* him.

IV. GENERAL RULE FOR EMPHASIS.

The general rule for emphasis may be stated as follows: *Distinguish the most significant words in the sentence by means of force, inflection, or pauses.*

The *subject* and the *predicate* of a sentence are, in general, *emphatic*. Prepositions, conjunctions, pronouns, and connectives are, in general, *unemphatic*. Explanatory phrases and clauses are *unemphatic*.

REVIEW EXERCISES.

I. Breathing Exercises.

II. *Recitations*. Require each pupil to go upon the platform, and recite some stanza of poetry learned by heart from the *Fourth Reader*.

13. ON LEARNING PIECES BY HEART.

1. Till he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence, precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of Nature's wonders through a microscope.

2. Again, how much in such a poem that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and much better reading—passes away utterly, like a sweet sound or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels! If you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so. Learn it by heart, and it is yours forever.

3. I have said a true poem, for, naturally, men will choose to learn poetry; from the beginning of time they have done so. To immortal verse the memory gives a willing, a joyous, and a lasting home. However, some prose is poetical, is poetry, and altogether worthy to be learned by heart, and the learning is not so very difficult. It is not difficult or toilsome to learn that which pleases us, and the labor once given, is forgotten, while the result remains.

4. Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure—better far than a whole library unused. They may come to us in our dull moments to refresh us with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from

the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties.

5. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; our own in times of joy or of tribulation; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides or by sounding shores;—noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call!

6. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Burns, Tennyson, Bryant,—the words of such men do not stale upon us; they do not grow old or cold. Further, though you are young now, some day you will be old. Some day you may reach that time when a man lives in greater part for memory and by memory.

7. I can imagine a chance renewal, chance visitation of the words long remembered, long garnered in the heart, and I think I see a gleam of rare joy in the eyes of the old man. For those, in particular, whose leisure-time is short, and precious as scant rations to beleaguered men, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to committing to memory chosen passages from great authors.

8. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated amongst us might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe it would lead, far more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature and the right appreciation of it, and men would not long rest satisfied with knowing a few stock pieces.

9. The only objection I can conceive to what I have been saying is, that it may be said that a relish for higher literature belongs only to the few; that it is the

result of cultivation, and that there is no use in trying to create what must be in general only a fictitious interest. But I do not admit that literature, even the higher literature, must belong to the few.

10. Poetry is, in the main, essentially catholic—addressed to all men; and though some poetry requires particular knowledge and superior culture, much, and that the noblest, needs only natural feeling and the light of common experience. Such poetry, taken in moderation, followed with genuine good-will, shared in common, will be intelligible and delightful to most men who will take the trouble to be students at all, and ever more and more so.

11. Perhaps, also, there may be a fragment of truth in what Charles Lamb has said, that *spouting* any thing “withers and blows upon a fine passage;” that there is no enjoying it after it has been “pawed about by declamatory boys and men.” But surely there is a reasonable habit of recitation as well as an unreasonable one; there is no need of declamatory pawing.

12. To abandon all recitation is to give up a custom which has given delight and instruction to all the races of articulately speaking men. If our faces are set against vain display and set toward rational enjoyment of one another, each freely giving his best and freely receiving what his neighbor offers, we need not fear that our social evenings will be marred by an occasional recitation, or that the fine passages will wither. And, moreover, it is not for the mere purpose of recitation that I chiefly recommend this most faithful form of reading—learning by heart.

13. I come back, therefore, to this, that learning by heart is a good thing, and is neglected amongst us. Why is it neglected? Partly because of our indolence, but partly, I take it, because we do not sufficiently consider that it is a good thing, and needs to be taken

in hand. We need to be reminded of it: I here remind you. Like a town-crier, ringing my bell, I would say to you, "Oyez, oyez! Lost, stolen, or strayed, a good ancient practice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder will be handsomely rewarded."

14. If any ask, "What shall I learn?" the answer is, Do as you do with tunes—begin with what you sincerely like best, what you would most wish to remember, what you would most enjoy saying to yourself or repeating to another. But be careful to discriminate. Do not take tinsel for pure gold. Some of our compilers of reading-books for schools have much to answer for in giving place to worthless pieces, simply because they were new. Thus they who ought to guide the taste deprave it.

15. Better learn what is old, so it be good. The list of memorable poems is growing to be large. Choose the best first. Then "keeping up" is easy. Every one of you has his spare ten minutes; one of the problems of life is how to employ them usefully. You may well spend some in looking after and securing this good property you have won.

VERNON LUSHINGTON.

DEFINITIONS.

trib u la'tion, severe affliction.

stale, grows old.

be lea'guered, besieged.

cath'o lic, liberal; broad.

fic ti'tious, unreal.

o'yez [o yes], hear ye.

tin'sel, any thing gaudy or showy.

wist'ful, attentive.

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

Divide into syllables, mark the accented syllable, and use the proper diacritical marks.

cashmere	sulphur	tureen	gudgeon
veneer	zephyr	sardine	cushion
pioneer	vinegar	careen	sturgeon
persevere	serene	kerosene	stanchion



14. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

FROM TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*.

15. INVENTIONS AND INVENTORS.

When this lesson is assigned, ask pupils to find out from books of reference something about the most interesting of the inventions enumerated.

1. The mariner's compass and the galvanic battery were invented in Italy. Printing by means of movable metal types was invented in Germany. The microscope was invented in Holland.

2. Great Britain has enriched the world by the invention of the steam-engine, the locomotive, the railroad, the spinning-jenny, weaving-machines, the chronometer, the rolling-mill, the screw propeller, iron ships, and the steam-plow.

3. France claims the honor of inventing photography, the Jacquard loom, the electro-magnet, and iron armor for ships.

4. The United States has contributed the steamboat, the cotton-gin, the electric telegraph, the sewing-machine, vulcanized rubber, the steam fire-engine, revolving fire-arms, street-cars, reaping-machines, mowing-machines, pin-machines, cut-nail machines, the telephone, some forms of the electric light, and a great number of minor but very useful inventions.

5. Great inventors rank among the benefactors of the world, and it is quite as desirable to know something about them as it is to learn about great authors, statesmen, or warriors.

6. The invention of the telescope is generally conceded to Galileo, an Italian mathematician and astronomer of the 16th century.

7. The art of printing really dates from the 15th century. Centuries before this, the Chinese had printed books by means of carved wooden blocks. John Gutenberg, a German printer at Mentz, invented a cheap method of making movable metal types. He took a partner in business by the name of Faust, and hence the invention is sometimes attributed to Gutenberg and Faust.

8. In the 18th century, James Watt, of Scotland, made so important improvements on the rude steam-engines of that day, that he is called the inventor of the steam-engine. As is often the case with important inventions, the steam-engine owes its present perfection to the combined labors of many inventors and machinists. George Stephenson, an English engineer, invented a locomotive steam-engine in 1814, and so laid the foundation of railroad building.

9. Hargreaves and Arkwright, both Englishmen, invented and improved spinning and weaving machinery,

in the 18th century. These inventions, together with the steam-engine, made England a great manufacturing country.

10. Jacquard, a Frenchman, invented, in 1801, a loom for weaving carpets and other figured stuffs. Daguerre, a Frenchman, invented, in 1839, the process of taking daguerreotypes upon metallic plates, which invention soon developed into the process of taking photographs on paper.

11. Near the close of the 18th century (1792), Eli Whitney, an American, invented the cotton-gin (*gin* is an abbreviation of engine), a machine for separating the seeds of cotton from the fiber. This invention laid the foundation of the wealth of the cotton-growing States.

12. Near the beginning of the 19th century (1807), Robert Fulton, an American, built the first successful steamboat. A few years later (1835), Prof. S. B. Morse, an American, invented the electric telegraph; and, at about the same time (1839), Goodyear, also an American, invented the process of making vulcanized rubber, now used in the manufacture of "rubber goods."

13. The sewing-machine was invented about the middle of the 19th century (1846), by Elias Howe, an American. The two most notable of recent inventions are the telephone and the electric light.

ORAL EXPRESSION. Ask pupils to tell the class any thing they know about any of the inventions mentioned.

5

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

If you have any doubt about the meaning or the pronunciation of a word, refer to the dictionary.

counterfeit	tacit	coverlet	emaciate
requisite	affidavit	certificate	insatiate
biscuit	hypocrite	separate	exhilarate
forfeit	statuette	pamphlet	exonerate

16. THE NATIONAL CLOCK.

Require the boys of the class to memorize this for declamation.

1. Every nation is like a clock, the forces at work within carrying forward some purpose or plan of Providence with patient constancy; but when the season comes that the sixtieth minute is due, and a new hour must be sounded, perhaps not for the nation alone, but for the world, then—then the clock strikes, and it may be with a force and resonance that startles and inspires the race.

2. The first American revolution was such a period—that was the glory of it. The English Government had oppressed our fathers. It tried to break their spirit. For several years it was a dark time, like the hours before the striking of the dawn. But the Colonial time-piece kept ticking, ticking to the pressure of the English Government, the giant wheels playing calmly till about 1775, when there was a strange stir and buzz within the case. The people could not bear any more of it. But the sixtieth minute came, and the clock struck.

3. The world heard—the battle of Lexington—one; the Declaration of Independence—two; the surrender of Burgoyne—three; the siege of Yorktown—four; the Treaty of Paris—five; the inauguration of Washington—six.

4. And then it was sunrise of the new day, of which we have seen yet only the glorious forenoon.

THOMAS STARR KING.

6

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

artisan	treatise	jaundice	vestige
venison	crevice	promise	mortgage
citizen	tortoise	privilege	sacrilege
partisan	mortise	beverage	herbage



17. ABOUT SHIPS.

1. The class to which a vessel belongs, is determined chiefly by the number of its masts and the arrangement and form of its sails. The smallest of ships is the Sloop, which is distinguished from other vessels by having only *one mast*, and by being rigged *fore-and-aft*; that is to say, the sails are stretched in the direction of the stem and stern, and are not spread on yards across the vessel. A ship whose sails stand across the hull is said to be *square-rigged*.

2. The mast of a sloop is sometimes in one piece, sometimes in two. In the latter case, the topmast is fastened to the top of the lower mast in such a way that it may be hoisted or lowered at pleasure. A sloop has usually four sails—a *mainsail*, a *foresail*, a *jib*, and a *topsail*.

3. The mainsail is behind the lower mast, and is spread out towards the stern, on two spars. The lower of these spars is called the boom, and the upper the

gaff. This is the largest sail in the vessel. Above it is spread the topsail, which is a small sail, and is used only when the wind is light. The foresail is a triangular sail which is hauled up and down on the forestay, a rope extending from the lower mast-head to the bow. In front of this, and stretched on the bowsprit, is the jib, also a triangular sail.

4. The Cutter is simply an elegantly built sloop, and



is generally used for pleasure. It is clipper-built; that is, it has sharp lines, a smooth hull, and a raking mast, and is designed for fast sailing.

5. The Schooner usually carries *two masts*; it is rigged chiefly fore-and-aft, like a sloop.

It is the most elegant and, for a small

craft, the most manageable vessel that floats. The mast nearer the stern is called the *mainmast*, the other the *foremast*. The mainmast carries the mainsail, the maintop-sail, and the maintop-mast stay-sail. The last named sail is extended upon the maintop-mast stay, which leads from the maintop-mast head to the foremast-head. The foremast carries the foresail—a repetition of the mainsail—and above it the foretop-sail. In front of the foremast are three triangular sails—the forestay-sail (the same as the foresail of a sloop), the jib, and the flying-jib. Some schooners carry one or two square-sails at the foremast.

6. The Brig is generally larger than the schooner, but its distinctive mark is that it has two masts, both of which are square-rigged. The Brigantine is square-rigged on the foremast, and sloop-rigged on the mainmast.

7. Square-sails are named after the masts to which they are attached. Each mast in a square-rigged vessel consists of three parts, which are spoken of as three distinct masts. Thus in a brig there are the following:

Foremast.	Mainmast.
Foretop-mast.	Maintop-mast.
Foretop-gallant-mast.	Maintop-gallant-mast.

The sails, accordingly, are:

Foresail.	Mainsail.
Foretop-sail.	Maintop-sail.
Foretop-gallant-sail.	Maintop-gallant-sail.

Above the highest of these sails are sometimes additional small sails, called the fore-royal and the main-royal respectively. Double topsails are usually carried.

8. The parts of a mast are connected and secured by means of *cross-trees* and *caps*. The cross-trees are small platforms named after the masts to which they belong. That at the head of the lower mast is called the foretop or the maintop; that at the head of the topmast the foretop-mast cross-trees, or the maintop-mast cross-trees. The cap is an iron band by which the parts of the mast are held together. The button-like objects at the summits of the masts are called *trucks*. Besides forming a finish to the masts, they are fitted with small pulleys, through which cords for hoisting flags (*signal halyards*) are rove.

9. The thick ropes that keep the masts firmly in position are called *shrouds* and *stays*. The shrouds extend from the tops to the sides of the ship, and are fastened to blocks called dead-eyes. Stays which extend forward are called fore-and-aft stays; those which lead

to the side of the vessel, back-stays. The cross ropes attached to the shrouds are called *ratlines*.

10. To *furl* a sail is to roll it up and secure it. To *unfurl* it is to shake it loose. *Yards* are spars to which square-sails are attached. The little ropes which may be observed hanging in rows on the larger sails, are called *reef-points*. By means of them parts of sails are gathered in and fastened to the yards, thus reducing the amount of canvas in stormy weather. Hence such expressions as "taking in a reef," or "a double-reef," and "close-reefing"—the last meaning that a sail is to be reduced as much as possible.

11. The Bark is a three-masted vessel. The mainmast is in the middle. The foremast and the mainmast are square-rigged. The mizzen mast is rigged fore-and-aft like a sloop. A clipper-bark is merely a bark made for fast sailing, with a sharp bow.

12. The largest class of vessels is the full-rigged Ship, the distinctive mark of which is that it has *three masts*, all square-rigged. The parts and sails of the foremast and mainmast bear the same names as those of the brig. The parts of the mizzen mast are the *mizzen mast* proper, the *mizzentop-mast*, and the *mizzentop-gallant-mast*.

13. The sails bear corresponding names. There is, however, on the mizzen mast a fore-and-aft sail called the *spanker*, projecting over the quarter-deck. Above the royals in a ship are still smaller sails called *sky-sails*. Sometimes square-sails have additional little sails or wings on each side, which can be used when the wind is fair and light. These are called *studding-sails*, corrupted into *stu'n-s'ls*.

14. A Frigate is a man-of-war having usually two gun-decks, and carrying from thirty to fifty guns. A Sloop-of-War is smaller, carrying from sixteen to twenty-four guns, on its upper-deck. A small sloop, carrying fewer than twenty guns, is called a Corvette.

15. Iron-clads are so called, because their sides are covered with thick plates of iron or steel, capable of resisting very heavy shot. The thickness of the armor-plates of the latest iron-clads varies from eighteen to twenty-four inches. As the offensive power of guns has increased, it has been found necessary to increase also the defensive power of ships.

16. The number of guns carried by these ships is very much smaller than in the case of the old three-deckers; but the weight and caliber of the few guns they carry are enormous. Some of them carry their guns in iron turrets placed on deck, which revolve by machinery, so that the guns can be fired in any direction, no matter how the ship is lying. These are called turret-ships or monitors.

DEFINITIONS.

bow'sprit, the spar which projects from the bow of a ship.

cal'i ber, the diameter of the bore of a gun.

hal'yard, a rope by which yards, sails, flags, etc., are hoisted.

stay'sail, a sail that works on a stay.

foretop, maintop. Note that these are the names of the cross-trees or platforms, not of the masts.

hull, the body of a vessel, exclusive of masts and rigging.

stem, the forward part of a vessel.

ar'mor, the steel or iron covering of ships of war.

mis'zen mast, the mast between the mainmast and the stern.

quar'ter-deck, that part of the deck extending from the stern to the mainmast.

stern, the after part of a vessel.

7

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

balance	brevet	myrtle	sickle
brilliance	vignette	turtle	nickel
sirloin	cadet	ripple	dollar
surname	rosette	triple	scholar
surfeit	dribblet	couple	molar
certain	coquette	supple	sulphur

III. VOCAL TRAINING.—INFLECTION AND EMPHASIS.

Introductory Remarks. In the lower-grade classes, children learn to read easy lessons “naturally,” that is, without rules or principles. They learn partly by imitating the teacher, and partly by using the easy tones of conversation. But, in the higher grammar grades, it is desirable that pupils should learn the elementary principles or rules that govern good reading.

While there are a few teachers who think that it is not possible to teach reading by means of rules, the great majority of instructors recognize that it is quite as necessary to deal with principles in elocution, as it is in arithmetic or grammar.

“Any art,” says Professor William Russell, “which is grounded on recognized principles, may, certainly, be taught by rules deduced from these principles. Every teacher who corrects the emphasis, the inflections, or the pauses, which his pupils use in reading, must have, in every instance, a reason for his correction. All such reasons are rules; and these it is the duty of the teacher to impart. These, in fact, are themselves the *instructions* which he has to give.

“Every attentive teacher of reading will endeavor to put his pupils in possession of even those less palpable principles which regulate the nicest modulations of the voice, in the most delicate tones of feeling. But, in the applications of inflection, emphasis, and pause, which determine the meaning of every sentence of audible language, a definite rule is indispensable to intelligible or effective instruction.”

Inflection, as the term is used in elocution, is an upward or downward slide of the voice on the emphatic words of a sentence. *Emphasis* is a special force of voice applied to the most expressive words.

Words that are read with a marked rising or falling inflection, are also emphatic words; and the stronger the emphasis, the more marked is the inflection. Inflection may, therefore, be considered as one form of emphasis.

FORMS OF INFLECTION.

The rising inflection, indicated by the acute accent ('), is used in direct questions, and, in general, whenever the sense is incomplete.

The falling inflection, indicated by the grave accent (`), is used in complete declarative, exclamatory, or very emphatic statements, and, in general, wherever the sense is *complete*, or does not depend on something to follow.

The *circumflex*, a combination of the rising and falling inflections on the same sound or word, indicated thus, (^ or ^), is used in surprise, sarcasm, irony, wit, humor, and in expressing a pun, or a double meaning. The rising circumflex is used in place of the direct rising inflection to add force to the emphasis, and the falling circumflex in place of the direct falling inflection.

The monotone (--), that is, one uniform tone, is merely the absence of any marked rising or falling slide above or below the general level of the sentence.

THE UPWARD AND DOWNWARD SLIDES.

The length of the rising or the falling inflection, in ascending or descending the scale, depends on the force of the idea, or strength of the emotion to be expressed, indicated, in general, by the emphasis to be applied. The degrees of inflection may be roughly indicated as corresponding to the second, third, fifth, and eighth notes of the musical scale, including the semitones, or chromatic notes of the minor, second, third, fifth, and eighth notes.

Teachers that understand vocal music will represent these slides by a blackboard diagram.

I. INFLECTION DRILL.

1. Repeat the long vowel sounds, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*: (1) With the slight rising inflection. (2) Falling. (3) Rising circumflex. (4) Falling circumflex. (5) Monotone.
2. The same with the high rising inflection; the strong falling inflection; emphatic circumflex.
3. Count to fifty, with alternate rising and falling inflection, thus: *óne, twò, etc.*
4. Repeat each of the long vowels three times, thus: *ā, ā, ā,—*(1) With the rising inflection. (2) Falling. (3) Circumflex. (4) Monotone.
5. Repeat five times with high rising circumflex: *ǎh! indĕed!*

II. INFLECTION DRILL.

1. Repeat five times with the rising fifth on *ah*, and the eighth on *indeed*: *ǎh! indĕed!*
2. Repeat five times with the rising fifth: *áh! áh! áh! áh! áh!*
3. Repeat five times with the falling fifth, *òh! òh! òh! òh! òh!*
4. *Sĕems, Madam!—nay, it is!*
5. I would *nèver* lay down my arms; *nèver, nèver, nèver!*
6. "*Grĕen!*" cries the other in a fury. "Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my *ĕyes?*"
7. Rising eighth and falling eighth: *ē, ä, ōō.*
8. O *nóble* judge! O *éxcellent* young man!
9. O *wise* young judge, how I do *hónor* thee!
10. And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his *dĕn?*
The Douglas in his *háll?*

III. INFLECTION DRILL OF VOCALS.

Read, in concert, the words of the following table:

1. *With the rising inflection.*
2. *With the falling inflection.*
3. *With the rising circumflex.*
4. *With the falling circumflex.*

ā, ē.—āle, māde, brāid, gāuge, veil, plāy, weight.
 ä.—älms, chärt, heärt, läugh, häunt, äunt, päth.
 a, ô.—all, awe, law, fall, haul, bawl, erawl, ought.
 ă.—ădd, thăt, brăt, hănd, lănd, plăid, băde.
 â, ê.—âir, bâre, dâre, prâyer, thêre, hâir, scârce.
 â.—âsk, eâsk, tâsk, pâss, grâss, dânce, glânce.
 a, ô.—whät, spôt, wad, wand, was, watch.
 ē.—ēat, bēat, beet, thēse, sēize, freeze, lēaves.
 ě.—ěnd, lět, thrěat, ġět, ġěm, brěad, yět, said.
 ē, ī.—vĕrge, hĕard, lĕarn, ĕarn, ĕrr, fĭrst, thĭrst.
 e, ā.—they, weigh, nāy, neigh, sleigh, prey, prāy.
 ī.—īce, īle, aisle, wīne, height, while, rhyme.
 ī.—īll, īt, wīn, thīn, been, ġīn, sīnce, zīnc.
 ī, ē.—whīr, sīr, dīrt, vĕrse, bĕrth, ĕarl, ĕarth.
 ī, ē.—pīque, ĕlique, ẽreek, oblīque', ravīne'.
 ō.—ōld, thōse, grōan, fōrce, pōur, rōar, mōre.
 ō.—ōdd, ōn, blōt, spōt, gōt, gōd, rōd, phlōx.
 o, ōo, u.—mōve, prōof, lōse, lōose, rōof, choōse.
 ô, a.—ôr, nôr, war, fôr, lôrd, eôrd, fôught, eaught.
 ô, ū.—dōne, dōth, dōst, dūst, blōod, flōod, eōme.
 o, ōo, u.—wōlf, wōuld, wōod, cōuld, shōuld, gōod.
 ū.—ūse, mūte, mūse, feūd, lieū, view, new, few.
 ū, ô.—ūp, būt, hūt, sôn, blōod, ġūn, dūck, sōme.
 û.—ûrge, pûrge, sûrge, cûrd, ûrn, bûrn, chûrn.
 u, ōo, o.—rūle, sehōol, brute, rōute, wōund, rūde.
 u, ōo, o.—pūt, pull, push, bull, wōol, wōlf, fōot.
 oi, oy.—oil, toy, boil, eoil, roil, joy, boy, eloy.
 ou, ow.—out, noun, proud, now, how, gout, pout.

18. ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. Alfred Tennyson, the present Poet Laureate of England, is the son of a clergyman, and was born in Somersby, England, in 1809. He began to write tales and verses from the time he could use a pen. He resided in London during the first twenty years of his poetic career, and has since 1851 lived mostly in the Isle of Wight. There is nothing eventful in his biography, and beyond a small circle he is seldom met. His earliest poems did not attract much attention, and it was not until 1842 that he established his reputation as the first living poet of England.

2. He is the most musical and picturesque of poets. His descriptions of scenery are like the unrolling of a panorama of beautiful landscapes. One is struck with the beauty and force of the Saxon words, which the poet uses in preference to any other element in our language. He delights to sing of heroic deeds, and to celebrate noble souls.

3. Read "The May Queen," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Death of the Old Year," "Ring Out, Wild Bells," "Dora," "Enoch Arden," "The Holy Grail," and "In Memoriam."

19. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Read this poem to the class, line by line, and require pupils to repeat after you; next, let each pupil read one stanza from the platform, and then require the class to memorize the poem for recitation.

1. Hálf a league, hálf a league,
Half a league ónward,
All in the valley of déath,
Rode the six hùndred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade:
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered;
Thěirs not to make reply,
Thěirs not to reason why,
Thěirs but to *dó* and *díe*:
Into the valley of *dèath*,
Rode the six hundred.
3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hẻll,
Rode the six hundred.
4. Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Nẻt the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered:
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well,
 Came through the jaws of death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade?
 O, the wild *charge* they made!
 All the *world* wondered.
Honor the *charge* they made!
Honor the *Light Brigade*,
 Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

20. SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

From one of the following books or periodicals, select some interesting extract, and let each pupil read one or more paragraphs or stanzas: *St. Nicholas*, *Tennyson's Poems*, *Hawthorne's True Stories*, *Youth's Companion*, *The Century*, *Harper's Monthly*.

DEFINING MATCH. Choose sides. Select words from all previous defining lessons.

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

analyze	enterprise	compromise	advertise
pulverize	paralyze	catechise	exercise
merchandise	civilize	supervise	capitalize

21. ABOUT RIVERS.

Mark this piece for inflection, emphasis, and pauses, as the first paragraph is marked.

1. Let us trace a river | to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries | which swell its waters. The river | of course | becomes smaller | as these tributaries | are passed. It shrinks | first | to a brook, then | to a stream; this again divides itself | into a number of streamlets, ending | in mere threads of water.

2. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills. Thus, the Severn has its source in the Welsh mountains; the Thames, in the Cotswold Hills; the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains; and the Amazon, in the Andes of Peru. But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water?

3. A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that the streams are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble; sometimes, indeed, quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general, these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hill-sides.

4. Sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day. But we cannot end here.

5. Whence comes the rain that forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes

from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive.

6. At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply. You notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass.

7. What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud? It is the *steam* or *vapor of water* from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state, a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler.

8. When the vapor mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel, it ceases to be vapor. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a *cloud*.

9. Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive: you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether; and, if you continue your observations, you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends on the character of the day.

10. In moist weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapor. The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it.

11. Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe; a cloud is formed in all respects similar to that which issues from the funnel of the locomotive. To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into cloud.

12. Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is—the fire of the sun. Thus, by tracing a river backwards from its end to its real beginning, we come at length to the sun.

JOHN TYNDALL.

COMPOSITION. Without looking on the book, write a short abstract of this piece from memory.

22. PASSAGES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

I. MERCY.—PORTIA TO SHYLOCK.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
An earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

II. SUSPICION.

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much:—such men are dangerous.
Would he were fatter! But I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand,—for this ear is deaf,—
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

III. THE CHARACTER OF BRUTUS.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

23. SCROOGE'S CHRISTMAS.

1. "A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!"

"Bah! humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure!"

2. "I do. Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

3. "Uncle!"

"Nephew, keep Christmas time in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it!"

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

4. "There are many good things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round,—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that,—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket,

I believe that it has done me good and will do me good, and I say, God bless it!"

5. "You're quite a powerful speaker, sir; I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

"I'll see you hanged first."

"But why, uncle? Why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!—Good-afternoon!"

6. "Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good-afternoon!"

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good-afternoon!"

7. "I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, a merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good-afternoon!"

"And a happy New-Year!"

"Good-afternoon!"

DICKENS'S *Christmas Carol*.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING. If the *Christmas Carol* is in the library, let the class read extended extracts from that most delightful story.

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

ballad	plumber	gauger	copy
salad	drummer	wager	poppy
valid	ermine	seizure	forage
pallid	vermin	leisure	porridge

IV. VOCAL TRAINING.—RULES OF INFLECTION.

Rule I. Direct questions that are answered by YES or NO, generally require the rising inflection, and their answers, the falling inflection.

1. Will you lend me a *knife*? *Nò, I hàve none.*
2. Have you recited your *lèsson*? *Yès, we hàve.*
3. *Armed'*, say you? *Armed'*, my lord.

Require each pupil to find, in this book, two additional examples to illustrate this rule, and to read them in the class.

Rule II. Indirect questions, or those that cannot be answered by YES or NO, generally require the falling inflection.

1. What is your *nàme*? *Thòmas.*
2. Where are you *gòing*? *To Lònðon.*
3. What are you *dòing*? *Rèading.*
4. Who's here so rude, that would not be a *Ròman*?
5. Who's here so vile, that will not love his *còuntry*?

Require each pupil to select and read in the class two additional illustrations of this rule.

Rule III. Incomplete statements, or phrases and clauses that depend on something to follow, require the rising inflection.

1. There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one *dead làmb* is there!
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one *vacant chàir*!
2. A peacock came with plumage *gáy*,
Before a cottage *dóor*, one *dáy*,
Beneath a little *bírd*, whose song,
From out his *cáge*, had charmed the *thróng*.

3. When Fréedom, from her mountain héight,
 Unfurled her standard to the áir, *
 She tore the azure robe of níght,
 And set the stars of glòry there.

4. We wish that this cólumn, rising toward héaven, among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to Gód, may contribute, also, to producé, in all mínds, a pious feeling of dependence and grátitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shóre, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glóry of his country.

WEBSTER.

Rule IV. Positive statements and strong emphasis incline the voice to the falling inflection.

1. The charge is ùtterly, tòtally, and meanly fàlse.
2. How beautiful is night!
3. Eloquence is àction,—nòble, sublìme, gòdlike action.
4. For life, for life, their flight they ply.
5. There is nò retreat but in submission and slàvery.
 The war is inèvitable, and let it còme. I repèat it, sir,
 let it còme.

6. Hònor the chàrge they made,
 Hònor the Light Brigade,—
 Nòble six hundred.

7. Strike—till the last armed foe expìres;
 Strike—for your àltars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
 Gód—and your native lànd!

8. Go, ring the bèlls, and fire the gùns,
 And fling your starry bànners out;
 Shout frèedom—till your lisping ones
 Give back their cràdle shout.

Rule V. Complete statements, whether marked off by the comma, the semicolon, or the period, generally require the falling inflection.

1. Under a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village *smithy* stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

2. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base;—the dismal sound of the *pumps* is heard;—the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow;—the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight against the staggered vessel.

Rule VI. Words expressing a contrast of ideas take opposite inflections, and are emphatic.

1. I said *good*, not *bad*; *virtuous*, not *vicious*; *educated*, not *illiterate*.

2. He spoke *for* education, not *against* it.

3. *Róme* and *Cárthage*! *Róme* with her *ármý*, *Cárthage* with her *flét*; *Cárthage*, óld, rích, and cráfty,—*Róme*, yòung, pòor, and robùst; the *pást*, and the *fùture*; the spirit of *discóvery*, and the spirit of *cònquest*; the genius of *cómmerce*, the demon of *wàr*; the *Eást* and the *Sóuth* on *óne* side, the *Wést* and the *Nóρθ* on the *òther*; in short, *twó wòrlds*,—the civilization of *Africa*, and the civilization of *Eùrope*.

4. After the *shówer*, the tranquil *sùn*;
 Silver *stárs* when the *dàý* is done.

After the *snów*, the emerald *lèaves*;
After the *hárvest*, golden *shèaves*;

After the *clóuds*, the violet *sky*;
Quiet *wóods* when the *wínds* go by.

After the *témpest*, the lull of *wàves*;
After the *báttle*, peaceful *gràves*.

After the *knéll*, the *wèdding-bells*;
Joyful *gréetings* from sad *farewèlls*.

After the *búd*, the radiant *ròse*;
After our *wéeping*, sweet *repòse*.

After the *búrden*, the blissful *mèed*;
After the *fúrrow*, the waking *sèed*.

After the *flíght*, the downy *nèst*;
Beyond the shadowy *ríver—rèst*.

Rule VII. The circumflex inflection is used in expressing wit, humor, surprise, irony, sarcasm, ridicule, and very strong contrast. It is also the characteristic inflection on the word or words expressing a pun.

When the circumflex ends with the rising inflection, it is indicated thus—[˘]; when it ends with the falling inflection, it is marked thus—[˘].

To be read by the teacher, and repeated by the class in concert.

1. *Indèed!* is it really *só*?
2. *Oh!* you are a *cóward*; you don't *dáre* to go.
3. If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to *wèd* me,
Why does he not come *hímsèlf*, and take the trouble to *wóo* me?
If I am not worth the *wóoíng*, I surely am not worth the *wínníng*!

4. TACT AND TALENT.

Talent is *something*, but *tact* is *everything*. *Talent* is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: *tact* is all *that*, and *more too*. It is not a *sixth sense*, but it is the life of all the *five*. It is the open *eye*, the quick *ear*, the judging *taste*, the keen *smell*, and the lively *touch*; it is the interpreter of all *riddles*, the surmounter of all *difficulties*, the remover of all *obstacles*.

It is useful in *all places*, and at *all times*; it is useful in *solitude*, for it shows a man *into the world*; it is useful in *society*, for it shows him his way *through* the world.

Talent is *power*, *tact* is *skill*; *talent* is *weight*, *tact* is *momentum*; *talent* knows *what to do*, *tact* knows *how to do it*; *talent* makes a man *respectable*, *tact* will make him *respected*; *talent* is *wealth*, *tact* is *ready money*. For all the *practical purposes*, *tact* carries it against *talent*, *tén to one*.

5. PITT'S REPLY TO WALPOLE.

But *youth* is not my *only* crime; I am accused of acting a *theatrical* part. A *theatrical* part may either imply some peculiarity of *gesture*, or a *dissimulation* of my *real sentiments*, and an adoption of the opinions and language of *another* man. In the *first* sense, the charge is too trifling to be *confuted*; and deserves only to be *mentioned*, that it may be *despised*.

I am at liberty, like every *other* man, to use my *own language*; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to *please* this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any *restraint*, nor very solicitously copy *his diction* or *his mien*, however matured by *age* or modeled by *experience*.

Require each pupil to find in some part of this Reader an additional illustration of the circumflex.

Rule VIII. The monotone is one uniform tone, without either a marked rising or falling inflection. It is indicated by a short line (-) over the vowel sounds.

The monotone is required in the expression of solemnity, reverence, melancholy, or sadness.

1. Breāk, breāk, breāk,
 On thȳ cōld grāy stōnes, O sēa!
 Breāk, breāk, breāk,
 At the fōot of thy crāgs, O sēa!
2. I could a tāle unfōld whōse lightest wōrd
 Would hārow up thy sōul; frēeze thy young blōod;
 Māke thy twō ēyes stārt from their sphēres;
 Thȳ knōtted and combinēd lōcks to pārt,
 And ēach pārticular hāir to stānd on ēnd,
 Līke quills upon the frētful pōreupīne.
3. High on a thrōne of rōyal stāte, which fār
 Outshōne the weālth of Ormus and of Ind;
 Or where the gōrgeous ēast, with rīchest hānd
 Shōwers on her kings barbāric pēarls and gōld,
 Sātan exālted sāt.

PHONIC DRILL ON SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

I. Let the class in concert give the phonic spelling of each word under each consonant in the following table.

II. Let each pupil give the phonic spelling of one word.

III. In concert, let the class pronounce each word very distinctly and forcibly.

IV. Supplementary drill work may be taken by requiring the table to be read with the rising, falling, or circumflex inflection; also, as an exercise in the different degrees of force; and further, as an exercise in movement.

DRILL TABLE OF SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

- b.—bribe, mōb, rōbe, bōom, bōth, bābe.
- d.—did, ādd, dīdst, dried, drēamed, mādē.
- f (ph, gh).—fife, ōff, laugh, phlōx, cōugh.
- g.—gāg, gīg, ēgg, gēt, gills, gēar, gīld.
- h.—hōme, high, hōrse, hāre, heārt, heārth.
- j (g).—join, jāil, gēm, gýves, júst, gibes, gill.
- k (e, eh, q).—keel, eōke, lōok, ehýle, queen, dīsk.
- l.—lūll, lōom, oil, wōol, yēll, wēll, thrill.
- m.—māim, mēn, nāme, lōom, hýmn, mīne.
- n.—nōon, nīne, knee, knīfe, noun, knight.
- p.—pīpe, pūt, rōpe, lōop, pēn, pāge, pūmp.
- r.—rōar, rāre, rēar, āre, ōre, īre, mōre.
- s (ç).—sōon, çease, erēase, pāss, āsk, mīçe.
- t.—tārt, trōt, twīt, trūst, trēat, tīght, tēnt.
- v (f).—vāne, eāve, ōf, vālvē, lōve, vōte, ēve.
- w.—wē, wōe, wīll, wine, wēt, wās, wīnd.
- x, ks; x, gz.—ōx, bōx, sīx, stīcks, ex āct', ex īst'.
- y.—yēt, yēs, yōu, yawl, yacht, yōuth, yōung.
- z (s).—zounds, būzz, māize, hās, īs, wās, zōnēs.
- th *sharp*.—thānk, brēath, thīn, fīfth, ōath.
- th *flat*.—thīs, thāt, thēsē, thōsē, wīth, pāths.
- ch *soft*.—chīn, chūrch, cheese, ēach, beech, pēach.
- sh *sharp*.—shāll, shōuld, bush, çhāīse, ma çhīne'.
- ng (n).—rīng, sīng, gāng, gōng, lōng, īnk, drūnk.
- z = zh.—āz'ure, rouge (rōōzh), trēas'ure, mēas'ure.
- wh = hw.—whēn, whēre, whý, whāt, whīch, whīle.



24. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. At the age of eighteen he was placed in the High School of Edinburgh, where he remained for four years. He was not regarded as a very bright scholar, but gave evidence of special delight in history, poetry, fairy tales, and romances. Even then he excelled in devising and telling stories.

2. He was afterwards for a short time in the University, but left it without adding much to his stock of classical knowledge. At the age of fifteen, the breaking of a blood-vessel brought on a fit of illness, during which he passed his time in a perusal of old romances,

plays, and ballads, unconsciously amassing materials for his future writings.

3. In 1792 he was called to the bar, and seven years later he was appointed Sheriff, and then Clerk of the Court of Sessions. His first publication was "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" then followed "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." In 1814 appeared anonymously "Waverley," and a new novel appeared every year till 1831.

4. These prose fictions made "The Great Unknown," as he was called, the wonder of the age. He became The World's Story-Teller. He did not reveal the authorship till after the bankruptcy of his publishers, which involved him to the amount of more than \$500,000.

5. This great amount of indebtedness he pledged himself to pay without abatement, and heroically did he fulfill his promise; but the effort cost him his life. His mind gave way under the gigantic toil to which he had doomed himself, and he died at Abbotsford, in 1832.

6. His works are among the classics of the English language. R. H. Hutton says of his novels: "You can hardly read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and public issues mean. The boldness and freshness of the present are carried back into the past, and you see Papists and Puritans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jews, Jacobites, and freebooters, preachers, school-masters, mercenary soldiers, gypsies, and beggars, all living the sort of life which the reader feels that in their circumstances, and under the same conditions of time and place, and parentage, he, too, might have lived."

7. His nature was manly, open, tolerant, and kindly. "He died," said Gladstone, "a great man, and, what is more, a good man. He has left us a double treasure: the memory of himself, and the possession of his works." Read "The Lady of the Lake," "Ivanhoe."

25. THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

[The scene of this poem is laid in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Highlands of Scotland;—time, about 1530. A solitary huntsman, who had outstripped his comrades, and missed the stag he was pursuing, was brought to a sudden halt by the death of his horse, from exhaustion, in the heart of the Trosachs. He blew a loud blast of his horn to recall the hounds, now crippled and sulky, from their vain pursuit. The extract represents him as pausing for a time to take in the beauty of the scene, when he again winds his horn, and the story proceeds.]

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops' sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.
Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;

The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

* * * * *

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,

To sentinel enchanted land.—
“Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—
I am alone;—my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried.”
But scarce again his horn he wound,
When, lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from an islet rock
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping-willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this silver strand
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,

Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.
And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic, from her airy tread!
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue?—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!
A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
“Father!” she cried;—the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came;—
“Malcolm, was thine the blast?”—the name
Less resolutely uttered fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
“A stranger I,” the Huntsman said,
Advancing from a hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

26. THE FARMER AND THE FOX.

1. A farmer, whose poultry-yard had suffered severely from the foxes, succeeded at last in catching one in a trap.

"Ah, you rascal!" said he, as he saw him struggling, "I'll teach you to steal my fat geese!—you shall hang on the tree yonder, and your brothers shall see what comes of thieving!"

2. The farmer was twisting a halter to do what he threatened, when the fox, whose tongue had helped him in hard pinches before, thought there could be no harm in trying whether it might not do him one more good turn.

3. "You will hang me," he said, "to frighten my brother foxes. On the word of a fox, they won't care a rabbit-skin for it; they'll come and look at me, but you may depend upon it, they will dine at your expense before they go home again!"

4. "Then I shall hang you for yourself, as a rogue and a rascal," said the farmer.

"I am only what nature, or whatever you call the thing, chose to make me," the fox answered. "I didn't make myself."

"You stole my geese," said the man.

5. "Why did nature make me like geese, then?" said the fox. "Live and let live; give me my share, and I won't touch yours; but you keep them all to yourself."

"I don't understand your fine talk," answered the farmer; "but I know that you are a thief, and that you deserve to be hanged."

6. "His head is too thick to let me catch him so; I wonder if his heart is any softer," thought the fox. "You are taking away the life of a fellow-creature,"

he said; "that's a responsibility,—it is a curious thing, that life, and who knows what comes after it? You say I am a rogue. I say I am not; but at any rate I ought not to be hanged,—for if I am not, I don't deserve it; and if I am, you should give me time to repent!" "I have him now," thought the fox; "let him get out if he can."

7. "Why, what would you have me do with you?" said the man.

"My notion is that you should let me go, and give me a lamb, or goose or two, every month, and then I could live without stealing; but perhaps you know better than I, and I am a rogue; my education may have been neglected; you should shut me up, and take care of me, and teach me. Who knows but in the end I may turn into a dog?"

8. "Very pretty," said the farmer; "we have dogs enough, and more, too, than we can take care of, without you. No, no, Master Fox; I have caught you, and you shall swing, whatever is the logic of it. There will be one rogue less in the world, anyhow."

"It is mere hate and unchristian vengeance," said the fox.

9. "No, friend," the farmer answered; "I do n't hate you, and I don't want to revenge myself on you; but you and I can't get on together, and I think I am of more importance than you. If nettles and thistles grow in my cabbage garden, I do n't try to persuade them to grow into cabbages. I just dig them up. I do n't hate them; but I feel somehow that they must n't hinder me with my cabbages, and that I must put them away; and so, my poor friend, I am sorry for you, but I am afraid you must swing."

FROM FROUDE'S ESSAYS.

COMPOSITION. Read this piece carefully three times; then close the book and write the fable in your own words.

27. DISCOVERERS AND EXPLORERS.

1. Columbus, a Genoese, discovered America in 1492. After him, Americus Vesputius sailed along the coast of North America, and gave his name to the New World.

2. Magellan, a Portuguese navigator, in 1520, discovered the Pacific Ocean by sailing into it through the strait that bears his name.

3. Cook, an English navigator, circumnavigated the globe, 1772-1775. Drake, a famous English sea-captain, also sailed around the world. He was noted for his success in capturing Spanish ships freighted with silver from the mines of Mexico and Peru.

4. De Soto, a Spaniard, in 1539, discovered the Mississippi, and La Salle, a Frenchman, explored the river in 1682. Cortez, a Spaniard, conquered Mexico in 1519; Pizarro, another Spaniard, subdued Peru in 1533.

5. Dr. Kane, an American, made an exploring expedition into the Arctic regions in 1852-5. His ship was frozen in by the ice, and after passing two winters in the Arctic regions, he and his crew returned by means of sledges and boats. His account of the voyage, entitled "Kane's Arctic Explorations," is a most interesting volume. Since that time, various Arctic expeditions have been fitted out by Americans, among which was that of the ill-fated *Jeannette*, lost in the ice, westward from Wrangel Island, 1881-82. The crew escaped from the ship in three boats, of which one was lost—two only reaching Siberia: the crew of one of which, with Commander DeLong, perished from cold and starvation.

6. Dr. Livingstone, a Scotchman, spent many years in exploring Central Africa, where he finally perished. Stanley, an American, crossed the central part of Africa in 1874. He traced the great river Congo, the Amazon of Africa, from its source to the Atlantic.

28. NOT ONE TO SPARE.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John, John looked at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as when my locks were jet).
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter:—'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye be given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle light we stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir;
Then huskily he said, "Not her."
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.

I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
We whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he.
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love:
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not let him go."—
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away.
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

29. LEARNING TO WRITE.

1. In learning to write, our first rule is: *Know what you want to say.* The second rule is: *Say it.* That is, do not begin by saying something else which you think will lead up to what you want to say. I remember, when they tried to teach me to sing, they told me to "think of eight and sing seven." That may be a very good rule for singing, but it is not a good rule for talking or writing.

2. Thirdly, and always: *Use your own language.* I mean the language you are accustomed to use in daily life. If your every-day language is not fit for a letter or for print, it is not fit for talk. And if, by any series of joking or fun, at school or at home, you have got into the habit of using slang in talk, which is not fit for print, why, the sooner you get out of it the better.

3. Remember that the very highest compliment paid to any thing printed, is paid when a person hearing it read aloud, thinks it is the remark of the reader made in conversation. Both writer and reader then receive the highest possible praise.

4. *A short word is better than a long one.* Here is a piece of weak English. It is not bad in other regards, but simply weak.

"Entertaining unlimited confidence in your intelligent and patriotic devotion to the public interest, and being conscious of no motives on my part which are separable from the honor and advancement of my country, I hope it may be my privilege to deserve and secure, not only your cordial co-operation in great public measures, but also those relations of mutual confidence and regard, which it is always so desirable to cultivate between members of co-ordinate branches of the government."

5. Take that for an exercise in translating into

shorter words. Strike out the unnecessary words, and see if it does not come out stronger. I think this sentence would have been better if it had been couched in thirty-five words instead of eighty-one. I think we should have lost nothing of the author's meaning if he had said,—

"I have full trust in you. I am sure that I seek only the honor and advance of the country. I hope, therefore, I may earn your respect and regard, while we heartily work together."

6. I am fond of telling the story of the words which a distinguished friend of mine used in accepting a hard post of duty. He said,—

"I do not think I am fit for this post. But my friends say I am, and I trust them. I shall take it, and when I am in it, I shall do as well as I can."

7. It is a very grand speech. Observe that it has not one word which is more than one syllable. As it happens, also, every word is Saxon,—there is not one spurt of Latin in it.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

30. ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

1. The sea, like the land, abounds in animal life. The popular idea of an "ocean-waste" is not a correct one. There is no part of the ocean, except the lowest depths, that does not teem with life. Even the bleak and icy Arctic Seas are tenanted, not only by whales, seals, walrus, sharks, and fish, but also by shoals of almost microscopic animals. The northern seas include all the hunting grounds of the world.

2. Every spring, when the returning sun has softened the rigors of a long, dark, polar winter, fleets of whaling ships push their way north into the floating ice, after

cargoes of whale-oil. Seals are hunted for their furs, and the walrus for its ivory tusks. The native inhabitants along the shores of the Arctic Ocean depend for their food chiefly on the flesh of whales, seals, and sea-fowl. The seal furnishes the bread of the Esquimaux; its skin supplies clothing; its tendons, thread; and its oil, fuel.



I. THE WHALE.

3. The whale is not a fish, though we speak of the "whale fishery." It is a mammal, that is, a warm-blooded, air-breathing animal that suckles its young. The "right whale" is found in both Polar Seas, but never within the limits of the tropics. It sometimes attains the length of eighty feet, and weighs many tons. It is without teeth, but is provided with a fringe of whalebone in its upper jaw, whose ends or filaments act as a net for catching the polyps on which it feeds.

4. The sperm-whale is found principally in the tropical seas. It has teeth, and feeds on fish. It is distinguished

by its enormous head, which contains a reservoir of pure spermaceti.

II. FISHES OF THE SEA.

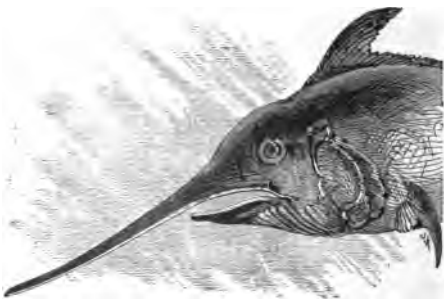
5. The shark is the tiger of the seas. It is found in all parts of the ocean except the Polar Seas.



The dreaded white shark often attains the length of thirty feet, and with its enormous jaws, armed with triple rows of terrible teeth, is even capable of snapping the body of a man in two.

6. The flying-fish, by means of its large pectoral fins, is enabled to spring out of the water, and skim along close to the surface of the sea for a distance of a few rods.

The sword-fish, armed with a projecting snout of solid bone, is the deadly enemy of the whale, which it often worries to death by repeated thrusts of its long, pointed "sword."



7. Fish forms the chief animal food of millions of human beings, as well as of seal and sea-fowl. One fiftieth of the people on the globe subsist chiefly on the products of the sea. Cod, herring, mackerel, salmon, and other kinds of edible fish are found chiefly in the cool waters of the temperate zones, or in the colder Polar Seas.

8. The excellence of the fish on the banks of Newfoundland, along the coast of New England, around the Japan Islands and the Aleutian Islands, is owing to the cold Arctic currents. The mackerel, in its spring migrations northward, appears in dense schools along the coast of New England, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and off the British Isles.



9. The cod, migrating northward in spring, gathers in countless millions around the Newfoundland banks, about 300 miles from the mainland, attracted thither by the warm waters of the gulf-stream, and

by the good feeding grounds on the sandy bed of the shoal water.

10. England, France, and America, together, send out annually to "the banks" region 6,000 sloops, manned by 80,000 fishermen. The fishing grounds around the Japan and Aleutian Isles abound in fish.

11. The salmon winters in the ocean, but in spring ascends fresh-water rivers to *spawn*, or lay its eggs. The Columbia, the Yukon, and the Amoor rivers are annually crowded with myriads of salmon ascending to the head streams. The rivers of Canada, Maine, Northern Europe, and Northern Asia, also abound with this valuable food fish.



12. Herring appear in immense schools off the coast of Norway and the northern shores of the British Isles. During the season, 50,000 men are engaged in catching them. The herring-fishery, during the first half of the seventeenth century, was one great source of the wealth of the Dutch. The hardy fishermen manned the Dutch navy and laid the foundation of the naval and commercial greatness of the Netherlands.

III. BIRDS OF THE SEA.

13. There are many kinds of sea-fowl that feed on fish, and build their nests on the sea-coast. The albatross, the king of



sea-birds, is found in great numbers off Cape Horn, the Cape of Good Hope, and in all parts of the Pacific. Penguins live in countless millions along the rocky shores of the Auckland Isles,

and other islands in the South Polar regions. They swim and dive almost as readily as the seal, and feed exclusively upon fish. Myriads of smaller kinds of penguins make their home on the islands along the western coast of South America. The Chincha Islands, off Peru, are covered hundreds of feet in depth with *guano*, which is one of the chief sources of revenue for the Peruvian government.

14. Auks and gulls swarm in summer time along the shores of the Arctic lands, feeding on the shoals of fish that migrate into the Arctic Seas. To the Esquimaux, the auk, as an article of food, is second in importance

only to the seal. Ducks and geese migrate in flocks from one shore to another, following the course of the fish.

15. In South America, flamingoes, cormorants, herons, ducks, and geese migrate in immense numbers between the mouths of the Amazon and the Orinoco, following the course of the fish up these great rivers.

IV. THE CORAL POLYP AND THE SPONGE.

16. Corals and sponges are found in all shallow tropical seas. As coral is made up of the limestone skeletons, or dwelling-places of polyps, so the sponge is the framework of a gelatinous animal substance of the lowest type or organization. Corals of the most brilliant hues and most beautiful forms are found among the groups of Coralline Islands, in the Pacific.

17. Coral reefs are built up in the Pacific on an immense scale, often extending hundreds of miles. The little coral polyp, so insignificant in size, and so low in the scale of organization, is an architect that builds islands, and constructs sea-walls which obstruct navigation and wreck ships.

QUESTIONS. Question the class on the leading facts of the lesson.

ORAL SPELLING. Dictate all the names of animals in the lesson.

COMPOSITION. Write from memory a short account of the fishes of the sea.

10

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

If there are any words in this lesson, or in the following lessons of this series, with which you are not familiar, refer to the dictionary and learn their meaning.

apparition	convention	aversion	physician
ascension	extension	politician	profession
attention	nutrition	volition	contrition
pretension	optician	concession	dissension

V. VOCAL TRAINING.

I. RHETORICAL PAUSES.

1. Rhetorical pauses are pauses not indicated by punctuation, yet required by emphasis or by the sense. A pause before or after an important word is one way of making the word *emphatic*, that is, of calling special attention to it.

2. The general tendency of young and untrained pupils to rapid and unexpressive reading, is owing largely to their failure to make rhetorical pauses.

3. In good reading and speaking, the words are run together in groups, with pauses between the groups. In the following sentence, in which there are no pauses indicated by punctuation, the grouping or running together of words is indicated by hyphens, while the pauses are shown by vertical lines or bars:

Who-would-have-thought | that-the-black-clouds |
could-hide-the-little-fairies | that-made-the-earth-so-beauti-
ful.

4. By carefully noticing the pauses that you naturally make in good reading, you will observe that words are generally grouped by *phrases* or *clauses*, with a rhetorical pause before and after these groups. When the subject of a verb is emphatic, there is a pause between the subject and the predicate. The principles that govern the making of rhetorical pauses are more fully brought out by the examples given to illustrate the following rules.

II. GRAMMATICAL PAUSES.

5. Grammatical pauses are those indicated by punctuation. These pauses are to a certain extent rhetorical, since they have no fixed length, but depend, in some measure, on the character of the piece to be read.

When the general movement or rate is slow, the pauses are relatively long; when it is fast, the pauses are short.

6. The general principles that govern grammatical pauses may be summed up as follows:

In general, a slight pause at a comma; a longer pause at a semicolon; and a still longer pause at a period.

A full pause, longer than at a period, is required at the end of a paragraph of prose, or a stanza of poetry.

GENERAL DIRECTION.

Form the habit of renewing the breath at every pause, so that the lungs may be kept well filled with air.

RULES AND EXAMPLES OF RHETORICAL PAUSES.

Rule I. When the subject of a verb is emphatic, or when it consists of a phrase or a clause, make a rhetorical pause between the subject and the verb.

1. Scrooge | never painted out | old Marley's name.
2. The history of England | is emphatically the history of progress.
3. The eyes of men | converse as much as their tongues.
4. Who steals my purse | steals trash.
5. Some | place the bliss in action, some, | in ease.
Those | call it pleasure, and contentment | these.
6. The midnight | brought the signal sound of strife.

Rule II. Make a pause after introductory adverbial words, phrases, or clauses, and before and after adverbs transposed out of their regular grammatical order.

1. Perhaps | in this neglected spot | is laid |
Some heart | once pregnant | with celestial fire.

V. VOCAL

I. RHYTHM

1. Rhetorical pauses
punctuation, yet require
A pause before or after
of making the word
attention to it.

2. The general rule
pupils to rapid and
largely to their favor.

3. In good reading
together in groups.
In the following
indicated by pa
together of words.
pauses are shown

Who-would-
could-hide-the-f
ful.

4. By careful
make in good
generally gra
cal pause before
subject of a
the subject

has been benefi-

us.

at them now.

*relative or adverbial
very short, or the*

greatness | to a
generality.

signature | holds com-
speaks a various

our first atten-
poetry, but also |

*and after words or
grammatical order.*

how profound!

midnight scene.

his weary way.

glebe | has broke.

parenthetical or ex-

lead to success.

is custom | to

slept quietly |

sion of words

reference; to

Timon | was the greater power. *Tragedy* | was the
Artist.

Milton | he quitted the *space* | he quitted

4. Reading maketh a full man; conference | a ready
man; and writing | maketh an exact man.

5. All nature | is but a stage whereon they
All chince | direction which their eyes do see.
All discord | harmony is but a name;
All partial | universal peace.
And spite of pride, in erring reason's scope,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

Rule VII. Unless the grammatical connection is very close, make a short rhetorical pause at the end of every line of poetry, to mark the poetic rhythm.

EXAMPLES FOR CONCERT DRILL.

1. THE SHIPWRECK.

And first | one universal shriek | there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean,—like a crash |
Of echoing thunder; and then | all was hushed.
Save the wild wind | and the remorseless dash |
Of billows; but at intervals | there gushed,
Accompanied by a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry |
Of some strong swimmer | in his agony.

2. THANATOPSIS.

All that tread
The globe | are but a handful | to the tribes |
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself | in the continuous woods |

2. In all its history | the Constitution has been beneficent.

3. If we fail | it can be no worse for us.

4. If you have tears | prepare to shed them now.

Rule III. Make a pause before adjective or adverbial phrases or clauses, unless they are very short, or the connection is very close.

1. I believe there is no permanent greatness | to a nation | except it be based upon morality.

2. To him | who | in the love of nature | holds communion | with her visible forms, she speaks a various language.

3. Homer claims | on every account | our first attention, as the father, | not only of epic poetry, but also | in some measure | of poetry itself.

Rule IV. Make a pause before and after words or phrases transposed out of their regular grammatical order.

1. Silence | how deep, and darkness | how profound!

2. How sweet and solemn | is this midnight scene.

3. The plowman | homeward | plods his weary way.

4. Their furrow | oft the stubborn glebe | has broke.

Rule V. Pause before and after parenthetical or explanatory phrases or clauses.

1. That course | if persevered in | will lead to success.

2. After dinner | he retired | as was his custom | to his bed-chamber, where | it is recorded | he slept quietly | for about a quarter of an hour.

Rule VI. Pause when an ellipsis or omission of words occurs.

1. To your elders | manifest becoming deference; to

your companions | [manifest] frankness; to your juniors | condescension.

2. *Hómer* | was the greater *génius*; *Virgil* | [was] the better *artist*.

3. *Milton* | he quotes often; *Spénser* | [he quotes] never.

4. Reading maketh a full man; conference | [maketh] a ready man; and writing | [maketh] an exact man.

5. All *náture* | is but *árt* unknown to thee,
 All *chánce* | *diréction*, which thou canst not see,
 All *discord* | *hármony* | not understood,
 All *partial évil* | universal *góod*,
 And *spite of pride*, in *erring réason's* spite,
 One truth is *cléar*, whatever *ís* | is *ríght*.

Rule VII. Unless the grammatical connection is very close, make a short rhetorical pause at the end of every line of poetry, to mark the poetic rhythm.

EXAMPLES FOR CONCERT DRILL.

1. THE SHIPWRECK.

And first | one universal *shrièk* | there rushed,
 Louder than the *loud òcean*,—like a crash |
 Of echoing *thùnder*; and then | all was hushed,
 Save the wild wind | and the remorseless dash |
 Of billows; but at intervals | there gúshed,
 Accompanied by a convulsive *splásh*,
 A solitary *shrièk*, the bubbling cry |
 Of some strong swimmer | in his agony.

2. THANATOPSIS.

All that *tread*
 The globe | are but a *hàndful* | to the tribes |
 That slumber in its *bòsom*. Take the wings
 Of *mòrning*, and the *Barcan dèsert* pierce,
 Or lose thyself | in the continuous woods |

Where rolls the *Oregon*, and hears no sound |
 Save his own *dàshings*,—yet the dead | are *thère*;
 And *mìllions*, in those solitudes, since first |
 The flight of years begán, have laid them down |
 In their last slèep:—the *dèad* | reign there | *alòne*.

Rule VIII. Make a pause before or after any particularly emphatic word or group of words.

1. The penalty for his awful crime was | *death*.
2. He woke | *to die*.
3. Rider and horse, friend, foe, in | *one* | *red* | *burial*
blent.
4. You called me | *dóg*; and for these | *cóurtiesies*
 I'll lend thee | thus much | *móneys*.
5. My answer would be | *a blów*.
6. And George the Third | *may prófit* | by *their* |
exdmples.
7. There was a time when Athens had not óne ship,
 | *nó*, *not* | *òne* | *wàll*.

CONCERT PHONIC SPELLING.—SILENT LETTERS.

The teacher should spell these words by sound, and the class repeat.

b.—comb, climb, crumb, dumb, debt, doubt, lamb,
 limb, thumb, numb, tomb.

d.—badge, budge, dodge, edge, hedge, grudge, judge,
 lodge, nudge, pledge, ridge.

gh.—bought, bright, brought, blight, caught, fight,
 fought, flight, high, height, weight, night, right, sight,
 thigh, nigh, thought.

k.—knack, knave, knee, kneel, knead, knell, knife,
 knit, know, knew, known, knot, knob, knoll, knock.

l.—bälm, cälm, pälm, psälm, cälf, cälves, hälf, hälves,
 älms, chàlk, stàlk, tàlk, wàlk, còuld, wòuld, shòuld, fòlks.

SPELLING MATCH. Spell by letter all the words above.

31. THE BUILDERS.

The teacher will explain to the pupils the meaning of this poem; train them to read it, and then require them to memorize it for recitation.

1. All | are architects of Fàte,
Working | in these walls of Time;
Sóme | with massive deeds | and greát,
Sóme | with ornaments | of rhyme.
2. Nothing | *ùseless* is | or lòw,
Each thing | in its place | is bèst;
And what seems | but idle shów |
Strengthens | and supports the rèst.
3. For the structure | that we ráise,
Time | is with materials | filled;
Our to-days | and yesterdays |
Are the blocks | with which we build.
4. Truly shape | and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps | between;
Thínk not, because no man *sées*,
Such things | will remain *unsèen*.
5. In the elder days | of árt,
Builders wrought | with greatest cáre |
Each minute | and unseen pàrt;
For the gods | are every-where.
6. Let us do *óur* work | as wèll,
Both the *únseen* | and the *sèen*;
Make the house, where *góds* | may dwell,
Beàútiful, *entíre*, and *clèan*.
7. Else our lives | are incomplète,
Standing | in these walls of Time;
Broken *stàirways*, where the feet |
Stùmble | as they seek to climb.

8. Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm | and ample base,
 And | ascending and secure |
 Shall to-morrow | find its place.

9. Thus alone | can we attain |
 To those turrets, where the eye |
 Sees the world | as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach | of sky.

LONGFELLOW.

DEFINITIONS.

ar'chi tects, builders.

struct'ure, building.

mi nute', very small.

base, foundation.

tur'rets, towers.

se cure', safe.

Questions. Ask pupils to tell why rhetorical pauses are placed where they are, and why the inflections are marked as they are.

32. CHARACTER OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

Read this extract, sentence by sentence, and let the class, in concert, repeat after you. The movement is slow; the pauses long; and the force, declamatory. Finally, assign it to the boys of the class to be committed to memory for declamation.

1. When public *bodies* | are to be addressed | on momentous *occasions*, when great *interests* | are at stake, and strong *passions* | excited, *nothing* | is valuable, in speech, further than it is connected | with high *intellectual* and *moral* endowments. *Clearness*, *force*, and *earnestness* | are the *qualities* | which produce *conviction*.

2. *True eloquence*, indeed, does not consist in *speech*. It cannot be brought from *far*. Labor and learning may *toil* for it, but they will toil in *vain*. Words and phrases | may be marshaled in *every way*, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the *man*, in the *subject*, and in the *occasion*.

3. Affected *passion*, intense *expression*, the pomp of

declamation, all | may *aspire* after it—they cannot *reach* it. It *comes*, if it come at *all*, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of *volcanic fires*, with *spontaneous, original, native force*.

4. The *graces* | taught in the schools, the costly *ornaments* and studied *contrivances* of speech, *shock* and *disgust* men, when their *own lives*, and the fate of their *wives*, their *children*, and their *country*, hang on the decision of the hour. Then | *words* have lost their *power*, *rhetoric* is *vain*, and all *elaborate oratory* | *contemptible*.

5. Even *genius itself* | then feels *rebuked*, and *subdued*, as in the presence of *higher qualities*. Then, *patriotism* | is eloquent; then, *self-devotion* | is eloquent. The *clear conception*, outrunning the deductions of *logic*, the *high purpose*, the *firm resolve*, the *dauntless spirit*, *speaking* on the *tongue*, *beaming* from the *eye*, informing every *feature*, and urging the *whole man* onward, right onward | to his *object*—this, *this* | is *eloquence*; or rather it is something greater and higher than *all eloquence*—it is *action*—*noble, sublime, godlike action*. WEBSTER.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of the following words: **endowments, spontaneous, elaborate, dauntless, compass.**

33. THE CROWDED STREET.

Mark this poem for rhetorical pauses and inflection.

1. Let me move slowly | through the street,
Filled | with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound | of steps that beat |
The murmuring walks | like autumn rain.
2. How fast | the flitting figures | come !
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some | bright with thoughtless smiles, and some |
Where secret tears | have left their trace.

3. They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.
4. And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.
5. And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder when they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.
6. Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?
7. Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?
8. Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?
9. Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.
10. Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thought.

11. These struggling tides of life, that seem
 In wayward, aimless course to tend,
 Are eddies of the mighty stream
 That rolls to its appointed end.

BRYANT.

34. BENJ. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

The following list of moral virtues was drawn up by Dr. Franklin for the regulation of his life:

Temperance. Eat not to dullness, drink not to elevation.

Silence. Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order. Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality. Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry. Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary action.

Sincerity. Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice. Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation. Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

Cleanliness. Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Tranquillity. Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

35. MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE ON SHOPPING.

This piece is characterized by lively conversational style, strong emphasis, and the circumflex inflection.

1. What's the matter *nów*? Well, I *líke* *thát*. Upon my life, Mr. Caudle, that's very *cóol*. I can't leave the house just to buy a yard of ribbon, but you storm enough to carry the roof off. You *díed n't* storm!—you only *spóke*? Spoke, *indéed*. No, sir; I've not such superfine feelings; and I don't cry out before I'm hurt. But you ought to have married a woman of stone, for you feel for *nóbodý*: that is, for *nóbodý* in your own *hóuse*. I only wish you'd show some of your humanity at *hóme*, if ever so little—*thát's* all.

2. *Whát* do you *sáy*? Where's my feelings, to go a-shopping at *níght*? When would you *hàve* me go? In the broiling sun, making my face like a gypsy's? I do n't see anything to *láugh* at, Mr. Caudle; but you think of anybody's face before your *wífe's*.

3. Oh, that's plain enough; and all the world can see it! I dare say, now, if it was Miss Prettyman's face—*nów, nów*, Mr. Caudle! What are you throwing yourself about for? I suppose Miss Prettyman is n't so wonderful a person that she is n't to be *námed*? I suppose she's flesh and *blóod*.

4. *Whát* do you say? For the love of mercy let you *sléep*? Mercy, *indéed*! I wish *yóu* could show a little of it to other people. O yes, I *dó* know what mercy means; but that's no reason I should go shopping a bit earlier than I do—and I *wón't*.—No; you've preached this over to me again and again; you've made me go to meetings to hear all about it; but that's no reason women should n't shop just as late as they choose, Mr. Caudle.

5. It's all very fine, as I say, for you *mén* to talk to us at meetings, where, of course, we smile, and all that—and sometimes shake our white pocket-handkerchiefs—and where you say we have the power of early hours in our own hands. To be sure we have; and we mean to *kèep* it. That is, *I* do. You'll never catch *mé* shopping till the very last *thing*; and—as a matter of principle—I'll always go to the shop that keeps open latest.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

36. WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

1. The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of,—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all ages, magistrates, and rulers.

2. His surname, Twiller, is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, which, in English, means *Doubter*; a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For, though he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn, that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point.

3. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every object on so comprehensive a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it; so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

4. There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice,—one by talking a vast deal, and thinking a little, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vaporing, superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts,—by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented, by a discerning world, with all the attributes of wisdom.

5. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a wise Dutchman; for he never said a foolish thing,—and of such invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life.

6. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow-minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and having smoked, for five minutes, with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed, that “he had his doubts about the matter,”—which in process of time gained him the character of a man slow in belief, and not easily imposed on.

7. The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders.

8. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that, when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer-barrel standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression.

9. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in the hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

10. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours; and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher; for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world.

11. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which the philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING. Let the class read further extracts from Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

37. THE UNION.

1. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us,—for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

2. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

3. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterward; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

11

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

eatable	indelible	vegetable	laudable
edible	possible	digestible	palatable
changeable	passable	audible	sensible

38. THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

All the world's a *stáge*,
 And all the men and wómen merely *plàyers*;
 They have their *éxits* and their *èntrances*;
 And one man in his *tíme* plays many *pàrts*,
 His *ácts* being seven *àges*. At first, the *ínfant*,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's *àrms*.
 Then the whining *schòol-boy*, with his *sátchel*,
 And shining morning *fáce*, creeping, like *snáil*,
 Unwillingly to *schòol*. And then the *lòver*,
 Sighing like *fùrnace*, with a woful *ballad*
 Made in his mistress' *eyebrow*. Then, a *sòldier*,
 Full of strange *òaths*, and bearded like the *pàrd*,
 Jealous in *hònor*, sudden and quick in *quàrrel*,
 Seeking the bubble *reputation*
 Even in the *cànnon's* mouth. And then the *jùstice*,
 With eyes *sevére*, and beard of formal *cùt*,
 Full of wise *saws* and modern *ínces*;
 And so he plays *hís* part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered *pantalòon*,
 With *spectacles* on *nóse*, and pouch on *síde*;
 His youthful *hóse*, well *sáved*, a world too wide
 For his shrunk *shànk*; and his big manly *vóice*,
 Turning again toward childish *tréble*, pipes
 And whistles in his *soùnd*. Last scene of *ál*,
 That ends this strange eventful *hístóry*,
 Is *second childishness*, and mere *oblívion*—

Sans *téeth*, sans eyes, sans *táste*, sans *èverything*.

SHAKESPEARE.

SPELLING. Require pupils to select and dictate one or more words, from this piece, for spelling.

MEMORY EXERCISE. After training pupils to read this extract, require them to memorize it for recitation.

SLATE WORK. Write from memory the first two sentences. Exchange slates, compare with the book, and correct errors.

39. A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

1. John Paul Jones, the greatest naval hero of the Revolution, was a Scotchman who emigrated to America about the time of the breaking out of the war. He commanded the first war vessel that floated the "Stars and Stripes,"—our national flag.

2. His greatest sea-fight was the capture of the British ship of war, the *Serapis*, off the coast of Scotland. Jones's ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, was smaller than the *Serapis*, and carried fewer men and lighter cannon.

3. The battle was fought by moonlight and in sight of land. Captain Jones boldly lashed his ship to the side of the *Serapis*. The muzzles of the guns almost touched, and the men on each side fought with desperate courage.

4. Jones's ship was old and rotten, and her sides were soon blown to pieces by the enemy's guns. His vessel began to leak badly; some of his cannon burst; but Jones kept on fighting.

5. Twice both vessels caught fire. The decks of both ships were slippery with blood. After two hours' hard fighting the *Bon Homme Richard* almost ceased firing, and the British captain called out to Jones to surrender. "I have only begun to fight," shouted back the undaunted Jones.

6. At length, after each ship had lost two hundred men in killed and wounded, the *Serapis* struck her colors. Jones's ship was by this time in a sinking condition. He got his crew on board the *Serapis* as soon as he could, and in a few minutes the *Bon Homme Richard* went down.

COMPOSITION. Write this account from memory; then exchange, and correct errors.



OLD MISSION CHURCH AT SANTA BARBARA.

40. THE SETTLEMENT OF CALIFORNIA.

Question the class, in advance, on the leading facts of this lesson, to ascertain if pupils have studied it.

1. The exploration of that region of the Pacific Coast now known as Lower California, California, Arizona, and New Mexico, was begun by Spanish expeditions, sent out by Cortes, soon after his conquest of Mexico, in quest of fabulous regions reported to contain wealthy and populous cities, and to abound in silver and gold. Similar expeditions were sent out by successive viceroys of Mexico.

2. The territory now included in the State of California was discovered, and its coast explored, by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, in 1542.

3. The first settlement by Europeans, within the limits of what is now the State of California, was made at San

Diego, in 1769, by a party under the leadership of Governor Gaspar de Portata, and Father Junipero Serra, a Franciscan friar.

4. This was the first of a chain of "Missions," extending along the coast to San Francisco. They were established by the Franciscan Fathers for the purpose of converting the native Indians to Christianity, and preparing the country for settlement by the Spanish.

5. Into these Missions, or settlements, the natives were gathered, and trained to till the soil and raise live stock. The Mission churches were spacious edifices, built, in general, of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, and covered with a roof of tiles. Clustered around the churches were the humble dwellings of the Indians.

6. At the height of their prosperity, in 1820, the number of Christianized Indians living near the Missions exceeded 30,000. At this time they possessed large herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, and had accumulated considerable wealth.

7. Two years later, Mexico became independent of Spain, and California was made a Mexican province. In 1833, the Mexican Congress opened the Mission lands to settlement and colonization. The Missions were reduced to parishes, and the general management of affairs was transferred to the territorial government. Under this policy, the Indians became gradually scattered, and their possessions absorbed by the new settlers.

8. The first American settler found his way into California by sea, in 1816; the first overland party, in 1841. American ships occasionally touched at the ports of San Francisco, Monterey, and San Diego, to take cargoes of hides and tallow. During the war of the United States with Mexico, 1846-48, the Americans seized California, and by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, the province, together with New Mexico, was ceded to the United States for fifteen millions of dollars.

9. It was about this time (January 19, 1848), that gold was discovered in California. It was found by James W. Marshall, an American, employed by General Sutter in building a saw-mill on the American River at Coloma. The exciting news quickly spread through California, and there was a general rush for the "new diggings."

10. As soon as the news reached the States east of the Rocky mountains, thousands of gold-seekers set out for the new El Dorado. Some "crossed the Plains," in long lines of "emigrant wagons;" some took the long voyage "round the Horn;" while others came by the "Panama route," across the Isthmus of Darien.

11. In 1849, forty thousand immigrants landed in San Francisco; thousands more came overland; and in 1850, the population of California exceeded 100,000. Ships from all parts of the globe lay in the harbor of San Francisco, and a great city sprang up as if by magic.

12. In September, 1849, a convention met at Monterey, and framed a State constitution, and on the 9th of September, 1850, California was admitted to the Union as a State.

13. From 1849 to 1860, the leading occupation of the people was gold mining. The yield of gold from 1849 to 1870 is estimated at over \$1,000,000,000. Since 1860, agriculture has been steadily developed, and the gold-yield has steadily diminished. A settled population has taken the place of the migratory gold-seeker.

12

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

essential	luscious	miracle	obstacle
judicial	seditions	finical	farcial
artificial	fictitious	cuticle	mystical
palatial	malicious	cynical	vehicle

41. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland in 1728, and died in London in 1774. His father was a clergyman. He was admitted to Trinity College, Dublin; took the degree of A. B.; was a rejected candidate for holy orders; tried the study of the law; spent eighteen months as a medical student; was an usher in a school; went to Leyden, and thence set out to travel over Europe, with only his flute, a guinea, and one shirt.

2. Returning to England, he was assistant to a chemist, then a proof-reader, and a hack writer for various journals. He was afterwards a critic, a translator, and a prolific writer in prose and poetry. "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Traveller," first brought him into notice. "The Deserted Village" was received with enthusiasm. To his amiable father he has given celebrity in Dr. Primrose in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and in the Preacher in "The Deserted Village."

3. Goldsmith was reckless, thriftless, but gentle, generous, and full of love and pity. A tale of distress would take from him his last penny. His affairs became much deranged; and his circumstances preying upon his mind, exasperated the fever which caused his death in 1774, at the age of forty-six. The great charm of Goldsmith's poetry is its simplicity, its tenderness, its truth to nature, and its perfect and felicitous comparisons. As Dr. Johnson has said:—"Whatever Goldsmith wrote, he did it better than any other man; he touched nothing that he did not adorn."

4. Thackeray says of him: "To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose, it longs for change, as on the jour-

ney it looks back for friends and quiet. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns! Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you.

5. "Who could harm the kind, vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty.

6. "With that sweet story of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

7. "Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like, but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph, and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it.

8. "His humor delights us still; his song is fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words are all in our mouths; his very weaknesses are beloved and familiar. His benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and poor."

42. THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize;
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

From GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village*.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the definitions of **copse**, **fawn**, **sway**, **vagrant**, **allure**, **scoff**, **rustic**, **eternal**.

43. CIVILIZATION.

1. By civilization is meant the condition of a people in regard to wealth, comfort, government, and culture. All people possess more or less of the elements of civilization. The rude Australian savage who has learnt to make fire by rubbing two sticks together, the Red Indian who has learnt to make a stone mortar for pounding

his corn in, the negro of Central Africa who has learnt how to make an iron spear-head, have all taken the first steps in civilization.

2. All the advanced nations have grown up from lower conditions of civilization. The lowest condition is that state in which men use only bows and arrows and stone hatchets, live by fishing and hunting, dwell in caves or huts, clothe themselves in the skins of wild animals, delight in fighting and bloodshed, and live in small tribes under chiefs. The wild Indians of America, and the natives of many of the Pacific islands, and many negroes of Africa, represent this stage. Races in this condition are pagans, or people who have no correct idea of one God.

3. The next stage of civilization is the middle one. Men have now begun to cultivate the soil; and they keep horses, sheep, camels, and cattle. They may be either nomads, living in tents, and driving their flocks and herds from one pasture ground to another, or they may be people with fixed habitations.

4. They have iron implements and have learnt to manufacture cloth; they may have a written language; they have begun to trade, to have armies and carry on war, and to form governments. The Tartar tribes of Central Asia and the Bedouins of Northern Africa represent this stage.

5. The most advanced state is that in which the great civilized nations now are—with books, machinery, sciences, steamships, railroads, and telegraphs; with governments founded on a written law; with schools, churches, and newspapers; with commerce and great cities.

6. The progress which a people makes in civilization is owing very much to geographical position,—to a fertile soil, favorable climate, mineral resources, and facilities for trading with other people.

COMPOSITION. Write an abstract from memory.

44. SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS.

1. In all ages of the world, savages have believed in evil spirits or demons, and have made use of charms and magic to ward off their bad influences. There have always been medicine-men, rain-makers, wizards, conjurers, sorcerers, astrologers, and fortune-tellers, ready to trade on the fears of the weak, the ignorant, and the superstitious.

2. It is only within two hundred years that the belief in *magic* has died out among enlightened people. Indeed, in civilized nations there are millions that still have a lingering belief in ghosts and witches. In every great city, in our own country, there are scores of "fortune-tellers" that live upon the superstitions of deluded people, who visit them in the hope of finding out what is to happen in the future.

3. Within two hundred years, many people in our own country, the United States, were charged with witchcraft, tried and convicted, and some were put to death.

In Europe, within five hundred years, it has been estimated that several hundred thousand people were burned for being witches.

4. In those dark days, if any one fell sick, it was thought to be the work of witches. It was the witches that were said to cause the storm, the drought, the pestilence, the frost, or the failure of the crops.

5. The poor creatures that were charged with being in league with evil spirits were old and helpless. If any one had a spite against his neighbor, he charged that neighbor with bewitching him, or his children, or his cattle, or his crops.

6. It was the sign of a witch to be old and wrinkled; to have a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue. The unfortunate person accused of witchcraft was generally tortured into a confession of guilt, and then burned alive.

Adapted, from CLODD.

45. MYTHS ABOUT ECLIPSES.

1. There is something so weird and gloomy in eclipses of the sun and moon, that we can readily understand how they have been looked upon, in all ages, as the direct work of some dreadful power.

2. The Chinese imagine them to be caused by great dragons trying to devour the sun and moon. They, therefore, beat gongs to make the monsters let go their hold.

3. Some tribes of American Indians think the moon is hunted by dogs. Even in Europe, not more than three hundred years ago, both eclipses and comets were thought to forebode great calamities.

4. But astronomers are able, not only to explain the cause of eclipses, but also to predict the exact time when they will occur. An eclipse of the sun is caused by the passing of the moon between the sun and the earth, so that the sun's rays are *left out*, or cut off, for a short time, that is, when the earth passes into the moon's shadow.

5. An eclipse of the moon occurs when the moon passes into the earth's shadow, that is, when the earth is in a direct line between the moon and the sun.

COMPOSITION. Write what you can remember of this lesson

13

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISPELLED.

Divide into syllables, mark the accented syllable, and use the proper diacritical marks.

implement	maintenance	specimen
filament	recompense	recipe
exorbitant	sustenance	receipt
independent	diffidence	recede

46. RHYME OF THE RAIL.

John Godfrey Saxe, born in Vermont in 1816, was graduated in Middlebury college, practiced law for a few years, was editor of different newspapers, and subsequently became a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. He devoted himself to lecturing and authorship. He excelled in humorous and satirical poetry.

This piece affords a good illustration of quick movement, and the circumflex inflection.

1. Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the rail!
2. Men of different stations
 In the eye of fame
Here are very quickly
 Coming to the same;
High and lowly people,
 Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
 Traveling together!
3. Gentlemen in shorts,
 Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large,
 Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights,
 With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray,
 Looking rather green;

4. Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed
Dreadfully in liquor!
5. Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain
Like the seven sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "associations"!
6. Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion,
She is out of danger!
7. Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-à-vis;
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

8. Market woman, careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot,
Rather prematurely.
9. Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

JOHN G. SAXE.

47. LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Mark this piece for inflection, emphasis, and pauses. After it is read, assign it to the boys of the class for a declamation.

1. The liberty of the press is the highest safeguard to all free government. Ours could not exist without it. It is like a great, exulting, and abounding river. It is fed by the dews of heaven, which distill their sweetest drops to form it. It gushes from the rill, as it breaks from the deep caverns of the earth. It is augmented by a thousand affluents, that dash from the mountain top, to separate again into a thousand bounteous and irrigating streams around.

2. On its broad bosom it bears a thousand barks. There genius spreads its purpling sail. There poetry

dips its silver oar. There art, invention, discovery, science, morality, religion, may safely and securely float. It wanders through every land. It is a genial, cordial source of thought and inspiration, wherever it touches, whatever it surrounds. Upon its borders there grows every flower of grace, and every fruit of truth.

3. Sir, I am not here to deny that that river sometimes oversteps its bounds. I am not here to deny that that stream sometimes becomes a dangerous torrent, and destroys towns and cities upon its banks. But I am here to say that, without it, civilization, humanity, government, all that makes society itself, would disappear, and the world would retrograde to its ancient barbarism.

COL. E. D. BAKER.

48. EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. For the purpose of public instruction, we hold every man subject to taxation in proportion to his property, and we look not to the question whether he himself have or have not children to be benefited by the education for which he pays. We regard it as a wise and liberal system of police, by which property and life and the peace of society are secured.

2. We hope to excite a feeling of responsibility and a sense of character, by enlarging the capacity and increasing the sphere of intellectual enjoyment. By general instruction, we seek, as far as possible, to purify the whole moral atmosphere; to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law and the denunciation of religion, against immorality and crime. Education, to accomplish the ends of good government, should be universally diffused.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

49. HINTS ABOUT LETTER WRITING.

I. STYLE.

The language of letters should be plain and familiar. The chief rule should be:—*Write as you would speak.*

II. FORM.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1. Name of Place, and
Date of Writing. | 3. Body of the letter. |
| 2. Complimentary Ad-
dress. | 4. Complimentary Close. |
| | 5. Envelope Address. |
| | 6. Postage Stamp. |

III. GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

1. *Date*.—If you live in a city, write, in addition to place and date, the number and street of your residence. This is important in cities having a free post-office delivery.

2. *Complimentary Address*.—*Sir* is very formal. *Dear Sir* is the common business form, and *My Dear Sir* is friendly. There are other forms to be used, according to circumstances and the relations of the writer to those addressed; as, *Dear Madam*, *Dear Sirs*, *Gentlemen*, *Ladies*, *Friend Mary*, *Dear Friend*, *My Dear Friend*, *Dear Father*, *Mother*, *Brother*, *Sister*, *Cousin*, *Uncle*, *Aunt*, etc.

3. *Body of the Letter*.—Do not begin a letter with the old-style formula, "I take my pen in hand," etc. If possible, avoid beginning a letter with *I*. Letters of friendship should be written very much as you would talk to your friends if they were present. Avoid cross-lines and long interlineations. Never close your letter with apologies for haste or lack of time. Make business letters short, clear, and exact. After you have written your letter, read it over carefully; dot your *v*'s and

cross your *ts*; interline any omitted words, and erase any misspelled words, if it can be done neatly; if not, rewrite the letter.

4. *Complimentary Close*.—The common business form of closing is, *Yours respectfully*; the common friendly form is, *Yours truly*. According to the taste or the feelings of the writer, other forms may be used; such as, *Yours sincerely*, *Yours affectionately*; *Your daughter*, *son*, etc. Whatever the form may be, put a comma after it, and sign your name in legible handwriting.

5. *Envelope Direction*.—Write the post-office address in a large and legible hand. The names of many States may be abbreviated, but others should always be written in full; as, Maine, Ohio, Missouri, etc. A careless clerk might easily mistake N. Y. for N. J., N. H. for N. M., or might think Miss. meant Missouri. In addressing persons who live in large cities, write the name of the street and the number of the house.

6. *Postage Stamps*.—Put a stamp, or stamps, on the upper right-hand corner of the envelope; and in addressing strangers on business of your own, inclose a stamp if you expect an answer.

7. *Titles*.—*Mr.*, *Mrs.*, or *Miss* are the common titles placed before the names of persons addressed. The title *Esq.* is used after names; but in this country it has no particular meaning. Many persons of good taste prefer the plain name, without *Mr.*, *Mrs.*, *Miss*, or *Esq.* *Messrs.* may or may not be prefixed to the name of a firm, according to taste. *Hon.* is properly applied to members of Congress or of State Legislatures, and to heads of Departments, either National or State. Officers of the army or navy are to be addressed according to rank; as, *Gen.*, *Col.*, *Capt.*, etc. Clergymen are entitled to *Rev.*; college or university instructors, to *Prof.*; physicians, to *Dr.*, or *M. D.*—the latter following the name.

IV. EXERCISES.

To be written, and read aloud as a reading lesson.

[From a boy to his friend, who had got a situation.]

OUTLINE.—Glad to hear of your success—hope you will like the place—father has seen the village—says it is very pretty—do not forget old friends—am anxious to know all about it—told the boys at school—they gave three cheers for you—write soon.

[From a boy applying for a situation.]

OUTLINE.—Have seen your advertisement—beg to offer myself.

[From a girl, spending her holidays with a school-fellow in the country, to her sister at home.]

OUTLINE.—The farm-house—the view from it—the neighboring village—a country walk—gathering blackberries—nutting in the woods—the evening—the family sitting around the fire, reading, working, and playing quiet games.

50. THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The teacher should first read this poem, line by line, to the class, requiring pupils to repeat in concert after him. Each pupil, in turn, should then read one stanza from the platform; and afterward the class be required to memorize the poem for recitation.

1. Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That | of our vices | we can frame |
A ladder, if we will but tread |
Beneath our feet | each deed of shàme!

2. All common things, each day's évén'ts,
That | with the hour | begin and énd,
Our pleasures | and our discontént's
Are róunds | by which | we may ascènd.
3. The low desíre, the base desígn,
That makes another's virtues | léss;
The revel | of the ruddy wíne,
And all occasions | of excéss;
4. The longíng | for ignoble things;
The strife | for triumph | more than trúth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings |
Irreverence | for the dreams of yóuth;
5. All thoughts of ill; all evil déeds,
That have their *root* | in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders | or impedes |
The action | of the noble wíll;—
6. All these | must first | be trampled down |
Beneath our feet, if we would gain |
In the bright fields | of fair renown |
The right | of eminent domàin.
7. We have not wíngs, we can not sóar;
But we have feet | to scale and clímb,
By slow degrees, by more and móre,
The cloudy summits | of our tíme.
8. The distant mountains, that uprear |
Their solid bastions | to the skíes,
Are crossed | by pathways, that appear |
As we | to higher *lèvels* | rise.
9. The heights | by great men | reached and kept |
Were not attained | by sudden flíght,

But they, while their companions slépt,
Were toiling upward | in the night.

10. Standing | on what | too long | we bore |
With shoulders bent | and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen befóre—
A path | to higher dèstinies;

11. Nor deem the irrevocable Past |
As wholly wasted, wholly váin,
If, rising on its wrécks, at lást |
To something nobler | we attáin.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Define, and use in sentences of your own, with the meaning they have in this lesson, the following words: ignoble, eminent domain, bastions, irrevocable, irreverence, scale, destinies, discontents, uprear.

51. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Before this lesson is read, the teacher should relate to the class the leading events in Roman history, connected with Cæsar.

1. In person, Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces. The forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark-gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill.

2. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits. He was

a great bather, and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people.

3. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding. In Gaul, as has been said already, he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him.

4. From his boyhood it was observed of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On an occasion, when he was dining somewhere, the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feeling. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him and slept on the ground.

5. Of Cæsar, too, it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. The old religions were dead, from the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles on which human society had been constructed were dead also. There remained of spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed, under which quiet men could live and labor and eat the fruit of their industry.

6. Under a rule of this material kind there can be no enthusiasm, no chivalry, no saintly aspirations, no patriotism of the heroic type. It was not to last forever. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry, and faith, and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity.

7. But the life which is to endure grows slowly; and as the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown, so before the kingdom of heaven could throw up its shoots there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence, nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions.

8. Such a kingdom was the empire of the Cæsars—a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by governors who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions.

9. "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death," was the complaint of the Jewish priests to the Roman governor. Had Europe and Asia been covered with independent nations, each with a local religion represented in its ruling powers, Christianity must have been stifled in its cradle. If St. Paul had escaped the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, he would have been torn to pieces by the silversmiths at Ephesus. The appeal to Cæsar's judgment-seat was the shield of his mission, and alone made possible his success.

10. And this spirit, which confined government to its simplest duties, while it left opinion unfettered, was especially present in Julius Cæsar himself. From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality.

11. He held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and, as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave, he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman State as an institution established by the laws. He

encouraged, or left unmolested, the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles. But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all.

12. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did not order *Te Deums* to be sung for it; and, in the absence of these conventionalisms, he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

FROUDE.

DEFINITIONS.

ep'i lep sy , a disease of the brain, in which the person attacked falls in convulsions.	as pi ra'tions , eager desires after.
scru'pu lous ly , with a nice regard to minute particulars.	spu'ri ous , illegitimate; not genuine.
fa nat'ics , persons wildly zealous in religious matters.	San'he drim , the highest council of the Jews.
ath'lete , a contender for victory in feats of strength.	di lat'ed , spoke at length; enlarged.
	Ju'pi ter , the chief god of the Romans.

COMPOSITION. Write what you can remember about Caesar.

52. TRANSPOSITION OF POETRY INTO PROSE.

Poetry is converted into prose, by making such changes in words as are necessary to break up the rhyme or measure; by supplying elliptical expressions, and by arranging the words in their grammatical order as follows:

I. The subject with its adjective elements,—word, phrase, or clause.

II. The predicate, consisting of a verb only; a verb

and object, or a neuter verb with its complement,—word, phrase, or clause.

III. The adverbial element, consisting of a single adverb, a phrase, or a clause.

ILLUSTRATION OF TRANSPOSITION.

POETIC ORDER.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

LONGFELLOW.

PROSE ORDER.

If a star were quenched in the heavens, its light, traveling downward from the sky, would shine upon us for ages.

So when a great man dies, the light which he leaves behind him shines, for years beyond our ken, upon the paths of mortals.

EXERCISES.

In a similar manner, change the following stanzas, and be prepared to read the prose form in the class.

1. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
2. On the grass land, on the fallow,
Drop the apples, red and yellow;
Drop the russet pears and mellow;
Drop the red leaves all the day.



Washington Irving

53. WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. Washington Irving was born in the city of New York in 1783, and died in 1859. His school education was not protracted beyond his 16th year, when he began to study law. He was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. He spent many years in Europe, making a tour of the continent, and wandering in England and Scotland.

2. "The Sketch-Book," with the legends of "Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," and the pictures of

English life and customs, laid the foundation of his fame and fortune. By the first he has made the Hudson a classic river; by the last he gained a cordial reception and appreciation in England.

3. He is the author of "Bracebridge Hall," "The Tales of a Traveller," "The Life and Voyages of Columbus," and "The Life of Washington." His "Knickerbocker's History of New York" is a delightful and amusing volume. His style is direct, simple, and natural. His readers are touched by his unaffected pathos, and charmed equally by his genial spirit and the play of his quiet humor.

4. Thackeray says of him: "In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how, in every place, he was honored and welcomed. Every large city has its 'Irving House.' The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters.

5. "In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful. He was, at the same time, one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and a pure life."

54. MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE OF ICHABOD CRANE.

1. It was the very witching-time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spreads its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land.

2. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills; but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

3. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost-stories had been laid.

4. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of land-

mark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

5. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused, and ceased whistling, but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan,—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety; but new perils lay before him.

6. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it.

7. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised

him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

8. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump: he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain. His steed started, it is true; but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road, into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes.

9. The school-master now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

10. The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm-tune.

11. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

12. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind: the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of his pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling.

13. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip, but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he

stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

14. They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping upon it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the white-washed church.

15. As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer.

16. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind,—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

17. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe."

18. Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him: he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side: and now Ichabod cast a look behind, to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash: he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

55. ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

This extract is an example of impassioned narrative and description, requiring strong force, radical stress, and, in general, quick movement. Let the boys memorize it for declamation.

"*Make way for Liberty!*" he cried—
Made way for liberty and *died!*
In arms the *Austrian Phalanx* stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contending for their *fàther-land*,
Péasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the *ignóble yóke*:
Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to *cónquer*—or to *fàll*.
And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a brèath;

The *fire of conflict* burned within;
The battle trembled to begin.
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of *lances* blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the haunts of *slaves*?
Would they not feel their *children* tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?
It must not be: this *day*, this *hour*,
Annihilates the invader's power!
All *Switzerland* is in the field—
She will not *fly*; she cannot *yield*;
She *must not fall*; her better fate
Here gives her an *immortal* date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But *every freeman* was a *host*,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That *one* should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory:
It *did* depend on *one* indeed;
Behold him—*Arnold Winkelried*.
There sounds not to the *trump of fame*
The echo of a *nobler* name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng
In rumination *déep* and *long*,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very *thought* come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell *where* the bolt would strike, and *how*.

But 't was no sooner *thóught* than *dóne*—
The field was in a *móment* won!
“*Make way for Lìberty!*” he cried,
Then rán, with arms extended wide,
As if his *dearest friend* to clasp;
Tén spèars he swept within his grasp.
“*Make way for Lìberty!*” he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed among them like a *trèe*,
And thus made way for Liberty.
Swift to the breach his *còmrades* fly—
“*Make way for Lìberty!*” they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the *spèars* through *Arnold's* heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Ròut, rùin, pànic seized them all;
An *èarthquake* could not overthrow
A *cìty* with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland *agàin* was free—
Thus *Dèath* made way for *Lìberty*.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the definitions of the following words: **phalanx, impregnable, ignoble, annihilates, anticipates, panic, rumination.** Write each word in a sentence of your own.

56. ESQUIMAU DOG TEAMS.

1. Every school-boy knows that the hardy Esquimaux, warmly clad in furs, take long journeys, during the Arctic winters, on sledges, drawn by dog teams. Dr. Kane gives the following account of a meeting with a party of Esquimaux.

2. “I went up from the cabin, followed by as many as could mount the gangway; and there they were, on all sides of the rocky harbor, dotting the snow shores

and emerging from the blackness of the cliffs,—wild and uncouth, but evidently human beings.

3. "Their leader, like a brave fellow, leaped down the floe, and advanced to meet me half-way. He was nearly a head taller than myself, extremely powerful and well-built, with swarthy complexion and piercing black eyes. His dress was a hooded *capôte*, or jumper, of mixed white and blue fox-pelts, arranged with something of fancy, and booted trousers of white bear-skin, which, at the end of the foot, were made to terminate with the claws of the animals.

4. "Although this was the first time he had ever seen a white man, he went with me fearlessly into the cabin, his companions remaining behind on the ice.

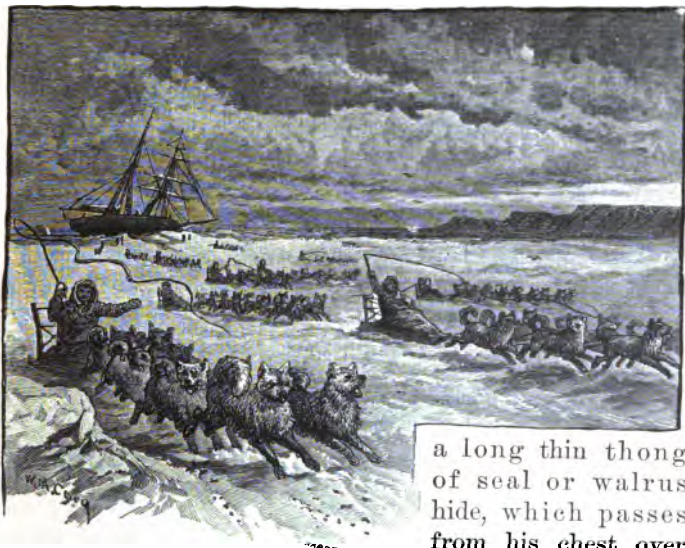
5. "I soon sent word to the others, and they brought up from behind the land ice as many as fifty-six fine dogs, with their sledges, and secured them within two hundred feet of the brig, driving their lances into the ice, and picketing the dogs to them by the seal-skin traces. When they were first allowed to come on board, they were very rude and difficult to manage. They were incessantly in motion, going every-where, trying doors, and squeezing themselves through dark passages, round casks and boxes, and out into the light again, anxious to touch and handle everything they saw, and asking for, or else endeavoring to steal, everything they touched. * * *

6. "They ate their walrus meat on the ice. They did not eat all at once, but each man, when and as often, as impulse prompted him. Each slept after eating, his raw chunk lying beside him; and, as he woke, the first act was to eat, and the next to sleep again. They did not lie down, but slumbered away in a sitting posture, with the head declined upon the breast, some of them snoring famously.

7. "In the morning they were anxious to go. I gave

them leave; they yoked in their dogs in less than two minutes, got on their sledges, cracked their fifteen-foot long seal-skin whips, and were off down ice to the south-west at a rate of seven knots an hour.

8. "The Esquimau dog is driven by a single trace,



his haunches to the sledge. The team is always driven abreast, and the traces are, of course, tangling and twisting themselves up incessantly, as the half-wild or terrified brutes bound right or left from their prescribed positions.

9. "The consequence is, that the seven, or nine, or fourteen lines have a marvelous aptitude at knotting themselves up beyond the reach of skill and patience. If the weather is warm enough to thaw the snow, the lines become soft, and the knots may be untied; but in cold weather, the knife must be used to cut the traces.

10. "The dog-whip is six yards long, and the handle but sixteen inches,—rather a short lever, to throw out

such a length of seal-hide. Learn to do it, however, with a masterly sweep, or else make up your mind to forego driving sledge; for the dogs are guided solely by the lash, and you must be able, not only to hit any particular dog out of the team of twelve, but also to accompany the feat with a resounding crack. After this, you find that to get your lash back involves another difficulty; for it is apt to entangle itself among the dogs and lines, or to fasten itself cunningly round bits of ice, so as to drag you head over heels into the snow.

11. "The secret by which this complicated set of requirements is fulfilled consists in properly describing an arc from the shoulder, with a stiff elbow, giving the jerk to the whip-handle from the hand and wrist alone. The lash trails behind you as you travel, and, when thrown forward, is allowed to extend itself without an effort to bring it back.

12. "You wait patiently after giving the projected impulse until it unwinds its slow length, reaches the end of its tether, and cracks to tell you that it is at its journey's end. Such a crack on the ear or forefoot of an unfortunate dog is signalized by a howl quite unmistakable in its import.

13. "The mere labor of using this whip is such that the Esquimaux travel in couples, one sledge after the other. The hinder dogs follow mechanically, and thus require no whip; and the drivers change about so as to rest each other."

Selected and adapted from KANE'S *Arctic Explorations*.

14

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISPELLED.

pleurisy	courtesy	symmetry	syllable
privacy	intimacy	fricassee	cylinder
secrecy	synonym	proboscis	beginning

57. GREECE.

1. Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave!
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this,
The gulf, the rock, of Salamis!
2. These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own:
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
3. Bear witness, Greece, thy living page
Attest it, many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusky darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command—
The mountains of their native land!

58. ECONOMY OF TIME.

["Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."—HORACE MANN.]

1. One of the most important lessons to be learned in life is the art of economizing time. A celebrated Italian was wont to call his time his estate; and it is true of this as of other estates of which the young come into possession, that it is rarely prized till it is nearly squandered.

2. Habits of indolence, listlessness, and procrastination, once firmly fixed, cannot be suddenly thrown off, and the man who has wasted the precious hours of life's seed-time finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's autumn. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine; but lost time is gone forever.

3. In the long catalogue of excuses for the neglect of duty, there is none which drops oftener from men's lips, or which is founded on more of self-delusion, than the want of leisure. People are always cheating themselves with the idea that they would do this or that desirable thing, "if they only had time."

4. It is thus that the lazy and the selfish excuse themselves from a thousand things which conscience dictates to be done. Now, the truth is, there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is *less* than in that of leisure.

5. Go, seek out the men in any community who have done the most for their own and the general good, and you will find they are—who? Wealthy, leisurely people, who have abundance of time to themselves, and nothing to do? No; they are almost uniformly the men who are in ceaseless activity from January to December. Such

men, however pressed with business, are always found capable of doing a *little more*; and you may rely on them in their busiest seasons with ten times more assurance than on idle men.

6. There is an instinct that tells us that the man who does much is most likely to do more, and to do it in the best manner. The reason is, that to do increases the power of doing; and it is much easier for one who is always exerting himself to exert himself a little more, than for him who does nothing to rouse himself to action. Give a busy man ten minutes to write a letter, and he will dash it off at once; give an idle man a day, and he will postpone it till to-morrow or next week. There is a momentum in the active man which of itself almost carries him to the mark, just as a very light stroke will keep a hoop agoing, while a smart one was required to set it in motion.

7. The men who do the greatest things do them not so much by prodigious but fitful efforts, as by steady, unremitting toil,—by turning even the moments to account. They have the genius for hard work,—the most desirable kind of genius. A continual dropping wears the stone. A little done this hour and a little the next hour, day by day, and year by year, brings much to pass. Even the largest houses are built by laying one stone upon another.

8. Complain not, then, of your want of leisure to do anything. Rather thank God that you are not cursed with leisure; for a curse it proves, in nine cases out of ten. What if, to achieve some good work which you have deeply at heart, you can never command an entire month, a week, or even a day? Shall you therefore stand still, and fold your arms in despair? No; the thought should only stimulate and urge you on to do what you can do in this swiftly passing life of ours.

9. Try what you can build up from the broken frag-

ments of your time, rendered more precious by their brevity. It is said that in the Mint the sweepings of the floor of the gold-working room are melted and coined. Learn from this the nobler economy of time: glean up its golden dust; economize with the utmost care those raspings and parings of existence, those leavings of days and bits of hours,—so valueless singly, so inestimable in the aggregate,—which most persons sweep out into the waste of life, and you will be rich in leisure. Rely upon it, if you are a miser of moments, if you hoard up and turn to account odd minutes and half-hours, you will at last be wealthier in intellectual acquisition, wealthier in good deeds harvested, than thousands whose time is all their own.

10. The biographer of George Stephenson tells us that the smallest fragments of his time were regarded by him as precious, and that "he was never so happy as when improving them." For years Benjamin Franklin strove, with inflexible resolution, to save for his own instruction every minute that could be won. Henry Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office. Livingstone taught himself Latin grammar while working at the loom. Hugh Miller found time while pursuing his trade as a stone-mason, not only to read, but to write, cultivating his style till he became one of the most brilliant authors of the day.

11. The small stones that fill up the crevices are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones; and so the wise use of spare time contributes not a little to the building up of a man's mind in good proportions, and with strength. If you really prize mental culture, or are sincerely anxious to do any good thing, you *will* find time, or *make* time for it, sooner or later, however engrossed with other employments. A failure to accomplish it can only prove the feebleness of your will, not that you lacked time for its execution.

59. THANATOPSIS.

Read this poem to the class, calling attention to the rhetorical pauses and inflections, and questioning pupils about the rules that apply to the markings. Then let the class read the poem in concert. Next, require pupils to read singly; and, finally, assign a part of the poem to be memorized for recitation.

To him | who | in the love | of Nature | holds |
 Communion | with her visible fórms, she speaks |
 A various language: for his *gáyer* hours |
 She has a voice of gládness, and a smíle |
 And eloquence of *beauté*; and she glides |
 Into his *dárker* musings | with a mild |
 And healing sympathy | that steals away |
 Their sharpness | ere he is aware. When thoughts |
 Of the last | bitter hour | come like a blight |
 Over thy spírit, and sad images |
 Of the stern ágony, and shróud, and páll,
 And breathless dárkness, and the narrow hóuse,
 Make thee to shudder | and grow sick at héart,
 Go forth | under the open sky, and list |
 To *Nàture's* teachings, while from all aróund—
 Earth | and her wátters, and the depths of áir—
 Comes | a still vóice:—Yet a few days, and thee |
 The all-beholding sun | shall see no more |
 In all his còurse; nor yet | in the cold gròund,
 Where thy pale form | is laid, with many téars,
 Nor in the embrace of *òcean*, shall exist |
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved | to *èarth* again;
 And, lost each *húman* trace, surrendering up |
 Thine individual béing, shalt thou go |
 To mix forever | with the *èlements*.
 To be a brother | to the insensible *ròck* |
 And to the sluggish *clòd*, which the rude swain |

Turns with his sháre, and trèads upon. The oak |
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place |
Shalt thou retire *alòne*, nor couldst thou wish |
Couch | more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down |
With patriarchs | of the infant world,—with *kìngs*,
The *pòwerful* of the earth,—the *wise*, the *gòod*,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages pást,—
All in one | mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sùn; the váles |
Stretching | in pensive quietness between;
The venerable wóods; rivers that move
In májesty, and the complaining bróoks |
That make the meadows | gréen; and, poured round áll,
Old *Ocean's* | gray | and melancholy waste, |
Are but the solemn decorations | *áll* |
Of the great tomb of *màn*. The golden sùn,
The *plànets*, all the infinite host of *héaven*
Are shining | on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of áges. All that *trèad*
The globe | are but a *hàndful* | to the tribes |
That slumber | in its *bòsom*. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert | pierce,
Or lose thyself | in the continuous woods |
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound |
Save his own dáshtings,—yet, the *déad* | are *thère*;
And *mìllions* | in those solitudes, since first |
The flight of years begán, have laid them down |
In their last slèep—the *déad* | reign there | *alòne*.
So shalt *thou* rest; and what if thou withdraw |
Unheeded by the living, and no friend |
Take note of thy depàrture! All that breathe |
Will share *thy* destiny. The gáy | will laugh |
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care |
Plod ón, and each one | as before | will chase |
His favorite phàntom; yet all these | shall *lèave*

Their mirth | and their employments, and shall come |
And make their bed | with *thèe*. As the long train |
Of ages | glides away, the sons of mén,—
The youth | in life's green spring, and he who goes |
In the full strength of yéars, mátron and máid,
The bówed with age, the infant | in the smiles |
And beauty | of its innocent age cut óff,—
Shall one by one | be gathered to *thy* side,
By those | who, in their turn, shall follow *thèm*.
So live, that when *thy* summons | comes | to join
The innumerable caravan | that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber | in the silent halls of déath,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scoürged to his dúngeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave |
Like one | who wraps the drapery | of his couch
About him, and lies down | to pleasant dréams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

60. RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

Friends!

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves! slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell,—a name! Each hour, dark fraud,

Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck,—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Orsini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor?—men, and wash not
The stain away in blood!

Such shames are common.

I have known deeper wrongs; I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once,—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks; a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! And we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
The Eternal City shall be free!

MARY R. MITFORD.

61. LONDON.

1. London is the largest city in the world. That is to say, it contains more people than any other city. Just as we estimate the importance of a river—not by its length nor by its breadth, but by the amount of water it contributes to the ocean—so we estimate the size of a city by the number of people it contains. Paris builds its houses higher into the air than London; but London stretches over a very much larger extent of ground. London has nearly four millions of inhabitants; Paris has only two millions.

2. London is the capital of England; but it is indeed also the capital of the world—that is, of the world of commerce. It has commercial connections with every country and with every important town on the face of the globe. It sends out sailing-ships and steamers to all the countries of the world; and from its center, railway lines and telegraph wires radiate in every direction.

3. London was a flourishing little British town before the Romans conquered it in the year 55 B. C. It continued to grow from that time till the present, with hardly a check to its prosperity. It is, in truth, the river Thames that laid the foundation of the fortune of London. For the Thames is not merely one river; it is two rivers. The tide flows gently up twice in every twenty-four hours; and thus barges and vessels of burden are carried up to London by the tide, and are borne away from London by the power of its own stream. Thus this river provides a large quantity of carrying power for nothing, and the barges laden with goods need only guidance.

4. The streets of London are the most crowded streets in the world. Thousands and hundreds of thousands

of persons stream along its main arteries from morning till night; in the morning generally from west to east; in the evening with their faces to the west. The roadways are crowded with carriages, cabs, and omnibuses; and in many parts it is difficult, if not dangerous, to cross the streets. Within the town there are thousands of cabs, omnibuses, and tram-cars, and every other kind of conveyance; but without, through the suburbs, round the whole of the vast province covered with houses and buildings, and also underground, there are countless railways running in every direction. Steamers, too, run up and down the river at all hours and minutes of the day.

5. But, not only is its own population the vastest in the world; a large population is poured into it every morning by railway and by steamer from all parts of England and from every continent and country on the globe. It is reckoned that a population of more than two hundred thousand (not counting those who live in the suburbs and come in for business) enter London every morning; and that the same number of people leave it every evening. But a population of two hundred thousand is a population nearly as large as that of Edinburgh or Bristol, and larger than that of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is then as if a city nearly as large as Edinburgh or Bristol were left empty and deserted all night, and were visited and crowded all day by its thronging population.

6. And the population of London contains contributions from all the races and nationalities of the world. There are Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, and Armenians from Asia; there are Peruvians and Chilians from the west of South America; there are Americans from San Francisco and the other cities of the Pacific slope; and there are, from every large town on the continent of Europe, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Germans, Swedes,

Norwegians, Finns, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Portuguese. There are in London more Scotsmen than in Edinburgh; more Irish than in Belfast; more Welshmen than in Cardiff; more Jews than in Jerusalem; more Greeks than in Athens; and more Germans than in Frankfort. London draws to itself people of all tongues, races, and nationalities. It has paupers enough to fill all the houses in Brighton.

7. London is a wilderness of brick—with hundreds of miles of hideous streets, composed of insignificant and unsightly buildings; but it also contains some of the noblest edifices in the world. On a gently rising ground in the heart of the city rises St. Paul's, one of the largest churches in the world, and a masterpiece of Wren, one of the greatest architects. Westward on the banks of the Thames, the towers of Westminster Abbey stand, guarding the ashes of England's greatest men—men who have made her name famous by sea and land, in art, in science, and in letters.

8. Every large and crowded city abounds in contrasts of various kinds; but London is emphatically the *city of contrasts*. Trees and brick; portions of the country clasped within the town, parts of the town running out into the country; wide streets, open parks, and the narrowest and foulest lanes; palaces and hovels; splendor and squalor; rich and poor; virtuous and criminal; learned and ignorant; thoughtful consideration and the most wicked recklessness; hideousness and beauty—all these contrasts may be perceived by the open-eyed spectator within the compass of a few minutes' walk.

15

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

confine	ancient	raillery	granary
condign	transient	arraign	canker
complain	colleague	arrear	rancor

62. BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

1.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his
heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned
sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive
train,
I pledge thee *faith*, my liege, my lord!—Oh! *break* my
father's *chain*!"

2.

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed
man this day:
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him
on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his
steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's
foamy speed.

3.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a
glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a *leader* in
the land:
"Now, haste, Bernardo, haste! for there in very truth,
is he,
The *father* whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so
long to see."

4.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's
hue came and went:
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there,
dismounting, bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's *hànd* he took—

What was there in its touch that all his fiery *spìrit* shook?

5.

That hand was còld, a frozen thing,—it dropped from his like *lèad*!

He looked up to the face abòve,—the fāce wās of the dēad!

A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white:

He met, at last, his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

6.

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;—but *whò* could paint that gāze?

Thēy hūshed their vērý hēarts, that saw its hōrror and amāze:—

They might have *chàined* him, as before that stony form he stóod;

For the power was stricken from his árm, and from his lip the blood.

7.

"*Fáther!*" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then:

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of wár-like mèn!

He thought on all his *glórious hòpes*, and all his *yóung renòwn*,—

He flung his *fálchion* from his side, and in the dust sat down:

8.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brów:

"Nō mōre, thēre is nō mōre," he said, "to lift the
swōrd for, nōw;
My king is fālse—my hōpe betrāyed! My fāther—Oh!
the worth,
The glōry, and the lōveliness, are passed away from
earth.

9.

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire,
beside thee, yèt!
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free
soil had mèt!
Thou wouldst have *knòwn* my spirit, thén;—for *thée*
my fields were *wón*;
And thou hast *pèrished* in thy *chàins*, as though thou
hadst *nó sòn*!"

10.

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized
the monarch's réin,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier
tràin;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing
war-horse led,
And sternly set them *fàce* to *fàce*—the *kíng* before the
dèad:

11.

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's *hánd*
to kíss?
Bē still, and gāze thōu ōn, fālse kíng! and tell me,
whàt is this?
The *vòice*, the *glànce*, the *hèart* I *sòught*,—give *ànsver*,
where are thèy?
If thou wouldst clear thy *perjured sòul*, send *lìfe* through
this *còld clày*!

12.

"Into these glassy eyes put light;—bē still! keēp dōwn
thine ire!—

Bid these white lips a *blëssing* speak,—this *earth* is not
my *sîre*:

Give me back him for whom I stròve, for whom my
blòod was shed!—

Thou *cánst* not? and a *kíng*!—his dust be *móuntains*
on thy head!"

13.

He loosed the stèed,—his slack hand fèll;—upon the
silent face

He cast one lōng, dēep, trōubled lōok, then turned from
that sad plàce:

His hope was crùshed, his after fate untold in martial
strain:—

Hís banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of
Spain.

MRS. HEMANS.

63. GLACIERS.

1. All the parts of a mountain which lie above the line of perpetual snow are, of course, covered every winter with fresh falls. As the snow does not melt above this line, it is clear that the thickness of snow ought to become greater and greater every succeeding year. The mountain, therefore, should always be getting higher and higher.

2. As a matter of fact, however, the snow does not go on accumulating in this way above the line of perpetual snow, and consequently the mountain does not grow any higher. What, then, becomes of the snow which falls every winter, if it does not melt?

3. If the top of the mountain were a flat, level plain,

it is quite clear that the snow would become deeper and deeper every year, and so the mountain get higher and higher. But no mountain has a flat level top like this. The top of a mountain is always very uneven, and always slopes away into the valleys, which, in turn, lead into the low country below.

4. The snow which falls on the top of the mountain is thus unable to rest in the place where it fell. It is constantly slipping off the slanting sides of the mountain into the heads of the valleys, which in this way get choked with snow.

5. When a great thickness of snow is gathered together in the higher valleys, the lower layers of it are pressed upon by the upper layers, as well as by the fresh snow which is always pushing itself down from the mountain-top. Now, every school-boy knows that if snow is squeezed in the hands it becomes quite hard; and if you were to squeeze it hard enough you can really turn *snow* into *ice*.

6. Our hands are not strong enough to do this, but it can easily be done by putting snow into a machine, where it can be powerfully pressed together. What happens then, is this: The snow, pressing down from the lofty summit of the mountain, chokes the higher parts of the valleys, and by its own weight it becomes so squeezed together, that it ceases to be *snow*, and becomes clear, blue, solid *ice*.

7. If we were to go to any great range of mountains, like the Alps, in Switzerland, we should see this at once. We should see that the tops of the higher mountains are covered with great fields of eternal snow, and the valleys leading away from these are occupied by vast masses of solid ice. These rivers of ice are called "glaciers," from the French word *glace*, which means ice, and they are *really* "rivers of ice," because they are always moving slowly down their valleys.

8. In fact, the only difference between one of these ice-streams and an ordinary river is, that the former moves very slowly. It is only by watching a glacier, and by measuring its progress with proper instruments, that its movement can be found out. It moves only a few inches every day, and you would not think it was moving at all, if you simply looked at it.

9. Still, these great ice-streams, sometimes ten or twenty miles long, and hundreds of feet in thickness, are always moving slowly downwards, and hence they carry off, year by year, the snow which falls upon the mountain above the line of perpetual snow. Slowly but surely they push themselves down the sides of the mountain, till they get into the lower country, and then they are no longer able to resist the heat of the sun and the warmth of the air.

10. They now melt, and from the end of each of them proceeds a larger or smaller stream of water, icy-cold, and thick with the mud formed by the ice, as it grinds its way down the rocky valley which imprisons it. Some of the most famous rivers in the world, such as the Rhine, and the Ganges, begin as streams which issue from icy caverns at the end of great glaciers, high amongst the frozen mountains.

11. In California, high up on the summits of the Sierra Nevada mountains, there are many small glaciers, —the dying heads of great glaciers that, centuries ago, stretched in long lines down to the valleys below. John Muir has visited and located more than fifty of them, in the peaks of the Sierra Nevada. The largest of these are on Mount Shasta, and are two or three miles long. Most of them, however, are not more than half a mile in length. The Yosemite Valley lies in the track of a great glacier that moved down from Mount Lyell and surrounding peaks, into the Valley of the San Joaquin.

12. Alaska contains thousands of magnificent glaciers that move down to the Pacific Coast from the lofty mountain range skirting the Pacific. Some of these glaciers are more than fifty miles long, and are the grandest in the world. Greenland is covered to a great depth by a vast ice-sheet that sends forth to the coast many great glaciers, which supply the icebergs that float southward into the Atlantic Ocean.

13. Dr. Kane describes the Great Glacier of Humboldt on the coast of Greenland, as follows:

"This line of cliff rose, a solid glassy wall, three hundred feet above the water-level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth below it; and its curved face, sixty miles in length, from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes, vanished into unknown space, at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole. The interior, with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed *mer de glace* [sea of ice] to the eye, of boundless dimensions.

14. "Yet here were no water feeders from the south. Every particle of moisture had its origin within the Polar circle, and had been converted into ice. Here was a plastic, moving, semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing rocks and islands, and plowing its irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea."

64. THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their
pride,

And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for
whom he sighed;

And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts
below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind
went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on
one another,

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through
the air;

Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here
than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively
dame,

With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which alway
seemed the same;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave
can be;

He surely would do wondrous things to show his love
of me;

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will
be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love; then looked
at him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions
wild;

The leap was quick; return was quick; he has re-
gained his place;

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face.

"By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT.

65. THE CLANSMAN'S REVENGE.

[A Scottish chief once ordered one of his followers to be flogged for some offense against discipline. This poem describes how the clansman revenged what he considered an insufferable disgrace.]

1. "Maclaine! you've scourged me like a hound;
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part;
You should have stabbed me to the heart.
2. "You should have crushed me unto death;—
But here I swear with living breath,
That for this wrong which you have done,
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son,—
3. "On him, and you, and all your race!"
He said, and bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold,—
A smiling infant, three years old,—
4. And starting like a hunted stag,
He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,
And reached, o'er many a wide abyss,
The beetling seaward precipice;
5. And leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge:—
"In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain;
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine!"

6. With flashing eye and burning brow,
The mother followed, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone.
7. But midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.
8. "O, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
O, give me back my child!" she cried:
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.
9. "Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,—
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,—
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done."
10. "I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;
And naught but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."
11. And as he spoke, he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild,
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step, and made reply:—
12. "Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip,
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."
13. The lady's cheek grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eyes flashed sudden fire;

He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim,—then dropped it, sore distressed.

14. "I might have slain my babe instead.
Come, Evan, come," the father said,
And through his heart a tremor ran;
"We'll fight our quarrel man to man."
15. "Wrong unavenged I've never borne,"
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn;
"You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine:
I will not fight you,—think again."
16. The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word;—
She could but look upon her lord.
17. He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips and speechless agony,—
And, doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy,—I yield," he cried.
18. A storm of passions shook his mind—
Anger, and shame, and love combined;
But love prevailed, and bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.
19. "I smite you," said the clansman true;
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For by yon Heaven, that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!"
20. But Evan's face beamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy:
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete."

21. Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock,
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.
22. They found their bodies in the tide;
And never till the day she died
Was that sad mother known to smile—
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.
23. They dragged false Evan from the sea,
And hanged him on a gallows-tree;
And ravens fattened on his brain,
To sate the vengeance of Maclaine.

MACKAY.

COMPOSITION. Make a short prose story out of this poem, and give your thoughts about the incidents related in it.

66. SCHOOL-MASTER JACOB'S SCRAP-BOOKS.

1. A well-known professional gentleman made to me, a short time ago, the following statement: I have been to visit the school-master who put me through the common English branches and the rudiments of Latin.

2. He was a genius in his way, very successful as a teacher, and peculiarly gifted in inciting the farmers' boys in the remote region where he established his school, to right thinking and right living. He had peculiar methods of conveying instruction, as well as a peculiar system of reward and punishment. He made very few rules, and in case one was broken in spirit or in letter, the delinquent was set up on a high stool behind a small, long-legged desk, facing the school, and made to read, for a longer or shorter time, as the case might be, from the bad boy's scrap-book.

3. This was a thick, heavy, leather-covered account-book, in which had been pasted clippings from newspapers for the last twenty years, relating to the misadventures of boys;—not stories, usually, but items of news. There were all sorts of boys represented here; the boy who was drowned while bathing, or fishing, or gathering pond-lilies, against the will of his parents, or came to grief prowling around with his gun when they supposed him to be at school.

4. The boy who broke his leg while stealing his neighbor's cherries; the one who broke his back by falling from a hickory-tree that he was plundering; the boy who was content to remain at the foot of the class—all these were shown up, together with those who read bad books on the sly, and those who ran away from home. In fact, there was something to suit nearly every case of a boy whose head was so filled with mischief that he could not conform to the simple rules of Master Jacob's school.

5. These were real happenings,—there was no nonsense about them; the idle boy, the lazy boy, the mischievous boy, the wicked boy, the cruel boy, the profane boy, all came to the same inevitable bad end. An hour's reading of these newspaper paragraphs made a boy's heart sink within him, and caused a resolve to shoot up in it that would turn him right about and classify him in future with quite a different order of boys. On the last page of this scrap-book, written in a fair, bold hand, were the startling words: "How long before some item of *your* downward career shall go to help fill the pages of this book?"

6. The other scrap-book was a gem in every way. It was a new, large, elegantly bound blank-book, in which, daintily pasted, were short lives of good men, chronicles of noble deeds, of beneficent acts, of all the sweet and kindly things that go to make this life beautiful, and

to prepare for the enjoyment of a heaven to come. The book was rendered still more attractive by the insertion, at short intervals, of beautiful engravings and many lovely sketches in water-colors.

7. This book was used as a reward of merit. When you saw a lad with that book on the desk before him, you might be sure, without asking, that he had deserved the master's approval in some way. Such was the salutary effect of these two books that there was seldom a time that the good boy's book was not somewhere in demand among the twenty boys, while the bad boy's book was left upon its high desk for the dust to accumulate upon.

8. "I have been counted a successful teacher," my old master said to me on the occasion of my recent visit; "my boys always improved morally and spiritually, as well as mentally, under my charge; my boys have been heard from in the world always as men of integrity who have tried to find the best and truest in life. Oh! I must not forget to show you my good boy's scrap-book. I am constantly making additions to it;" and he brought forward the worn but familiar book, saying, as he pointed to many items penciled with their dates attached, on the margin: "Look there, and there, and there. That tells when they were with me. Good boys, they were, all good boys."

9. "And the other book," I asked; "how many have helped to fill that?"

"Not one, my boy; I speak with truth, not one," said the old man, with tears in his eyes now. "It is singular, but it goes to prove my theory, that if you can impress the consequences of wrong-doing upon a child, he is almost sure to prefer the right to the wrong. Then when emulation stirs the breast, a boy is bound to succeed, for competition and emulation have honor for their basis, and that was the spirit that the good boy's book was intended to inspire."

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

67. WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

Require pupils to memorize this for recitation.

1. What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
2. Not bays and broad-arm ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
3. No:—men—high-minded men—
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
4. Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
5. These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

68. THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

Require the boys of the class to memorize this extract for declamation.

1. The world | is filled | with the voices of the dead.
They speak | not from the public records of the great
world only, but from the private history | of our own

expérience. They speak to us | in a thousand remembrances, in a thousand incidents, events, and associations. They speak to us, not only from their silent *graves*, but from the throng of *life*. Though they are *invisible*, yet life | is *filled* | with their presence. They are *with* us by the silent fireside | and in the secluded *chamber*. They are *with* us | in the paths of *society*, and in the crowded assemblies of *mèn*.

2. They speak to us | from the lonely *way-side*; and they speak to us | from the venerable *walls* | that echo to the steps of a *múltitude* | and to the voice of prayer. Go where we will, the *déad* | are *with* us. We *live*, we *converse* with *thóse* | who once lived | and conversed | with *us*. Their well-remembered tone | mingles with the whispering breeze, with the sound of the falling *léaf*, with the jubilee shout | of the spring-time.—The *éarth* | is *filled* | with their shadowy train.

3. But there are more *substántial* expressions | of the presence of the dead | with the living. The earth | is filled with the *labors*, the *works*, of the *déad*. Almost all the literature in the *wórld*, the discoveries of science, the glories of *árt*, the ever-enduring *témples*, the dwelling-places of *generátions*, the comforts and improvements of life, the *lánguages*, the *máxims*, the opinions of the living, the very frame-work of *sociéty*, the institutions of *nátions*, the *fabrics* of *émpires*,—*áll* | are the works of the *déad*;—by these, they | who are dead | yet speak.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISPELLED.

diphthong	pontiff	crochet	judgment
epitaph	sulphur	croquet	lodgment
sheriff	phosphorus	charade	numskull
caliph	diphtheria	chalice	welfare

69. COMPLETION OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

1. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind.

2. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age.

3. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil.

4. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

5. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to

gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

WEBSTER.

70. EVENING.

Require pupils to memorize this poem for recitation.

1. Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
2. Round me, o'er me, every-where,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
3. Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
4. Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
5. From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire:
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

LONGFELLOW.

71. LABOR.

1. Labor is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built again; here, if anywhere, on the shores of a new world—of a new civilization.

2. But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do, because they must. Many submit to it, as to, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as an escape from it. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

3. Ashamed to toil! Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered mist, sun, and rain, fire and steam—her own heraldic honors! Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity! It is treason to Nature; it is impiety to Heaven: it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand—is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

ORVILLE DEWEY.

17

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISPELLED.

receipt	beginner	possession	to-day
contempt	benefited	together	to-night
relieve	committed	to-morrow	holiday

72. SUPPLEMENTARY SELECTIONS.

Dialogues, humorous readings, and dialect pieces, are useful in school for the purpose of breaking up stiffness, formality, and monotony in reading.

There seems to be no good reason why the flashes of wit and humor, that delight a whole nation, should be altogether shut out of the school-room. The wise teacher will make good use of such selections, taking care to exclude objectionable pieces.

These extracts should be read *at sight*, the book being passed from hand to hand. Many suitable selections may be found in such books as the *Pickwick Papers*, *Hood's Poems*, *Holmes's Poems*, *Saxe's Poems*, *Bret Harte's Poems*, *Lowell's Biglow Papers*, etc.

Good pieces will be found in most of the numerous volumes of elocutionary selections, such as the *Speaker's Garland*, *Elocutionist's Annual*, etc.

The following is a short list of suggested selections, which may be extended at the pleasure of the teacher.

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. Tale of a Trumpet. | <i>Hood.</i> |
| 2. How the Old Horse Won the Bet. | <i>Holmes.</i> |
| 3. Polyphemus and Ulysses. | <i>Saxe.</i> |
| 4. The School-master's Guests. | <i>Will Carleton.</i> |
| 5. The Courtin'. | <i>Lowell.</i> |
| 6. The Caudle Curtain Lectures. | <i>Jerrold.</i> |
| 7. Father Phil's Subscription List. | <i>Lover.</i> |
| 8. Handy Andy's Letter. | <i>Lover.</i> |
| 9. The Lost Heir. | <i>Hood.</i> |
| 10. Darius Green and His Flying Machine. | <i>Trowbridge.</i> |
| 11. The Deacon's Masterpiece. | <i>Holmes.</i> |
| 12. Parson Turrell's Legacy. | <i>Holmes.</i> |
| 13. Aunt Tabitha. | <i>Holmes.</i> |
| 14. The Boys. | <i>Holmes.</i> |
| 15. Once More. | <i>Holmes.</i> |

PHONIC OR DIACRITICAL MARKS.

I. PHONIC MARKS OF VOCALS.

Macron. —	Breve. ˘	Circumflex. ^	Two dots. ..	One dot. .	Wave or Tilde. ~
āle	ăt	âir	ärm, all	ask, what	hēr sîr
ēve, they	ënd	whêre			
īce, bȳ	īt, lȳnx		pique		
ōld	ôn	ôr	prove	sôn, wōlf	
mōon	bōok				
ūse	ŭp	ûrge	rule	pull	

II. EQUIVALENT VOCALS OR SUBSTITUTES.

ä = ǝ	what, nǝt	ó = ŭ	dóne, sŭn
ē = ā	they, dāy	o, u = ō	mōve, rŭle, mōon
ī = ē	sîr, hēr	o, u = ǝ	wōlf, push, wōol
ê = â	thêre, câre	ȳ = ĭ	rhȳme, tĭme
ĩ = ē	pique, wēak	ȳ = ĭ	hȳmn, slĭm
ô = a	ôr, all		

III. MARKINGS OF SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

ç, çh = s, sh	çent, çaise	ş = z	is, roşe
e, eh = k	eake, aehe	th, vocal	this, that
ġ, hard	ġo, ġet	n = ng	inġ, winġ
ġ = j	ġem, age	x = ġz	example

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

I. VOCALS.

ā	ā-ge, n-ā-me	ī, ŷ	ī-ll, h-ŷ-mn
ä	ä-rm, ä-rt	ō	ō-ld, n-ō
ṛ	ṛ-ll, l-ṛw	ö	ö-n, ö-dd
ǣ	ǣ-t, ǣ-n	o, oo	m-o-ve, m-oo-n
â	â-ir, e-â-re	ū	ū-se, d-ūe
à	à-sk, l-à-st	ŭ	ŭ-p, s-ŭ-n
ē	ē-ve, m-ē	û	û-rge, b-û-rn
ě	ě-nd, ě-gg	u, oo	f-u-ll, w-oo-l
ē	h-ē-r, ē-rr	oi, oy	oi-l, b-oy
ī, ŷ	ī-ce, m-ŷ	ou, ow	ou-t, ow-l

II. SUBVOCALS.

b	b-ī-b, b-ā-be	r	r-ōa-r, r-ēa-r
d	d-ī-d, ö-dd	th	th-īne, wī-th
ḡ	ḡ-ǣ-ḡ, ḡ-ī-ḡ	v	v-ǣl-ve, wā-ve
j	j-ǣm, ḡ-ēm	w	w-īll, w-ēll
l	l-ŭ-ll, ā-le	y	y-ēs, y-ēt
m	m-āi-m, nā-me	z	z-ōne, z-īne
n	n-ŭ-n, mā-ne	zh, z	ǣ-z'ure, sēi'z-ure
ng, n	ī-n-k, rǣ-n-k		

III. ASPIRATES.

f	f-ī-fe, ö-ff	t	t-ēn-t, t-ār-t
h	h-āt, h-īll	ch	ch-ūr-ch, ch-āin
k	k-īll, bōō-k	sh	sh-īp, wī-sh
p	p-ī-pe, p-ūt	th	th-īck, th-īn
s	s-ēll, s-ŭn	wh	wh-ēn, wh-ēre

TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

Classified according to their formation by the organs of speech.

In order to secure correct and forcible articulation, it may be desirable to call the attention of pupils to the position of the organs of speech in making the consonant sounds. Teachers can do this without any detailed instructions in print. As an incidental aid in this direction, the following classification is given, in which the sounds are grouped according to the organs most prominently called into use in their formation.

Lip Sounds. [Labials.]	b p m w wh	b-a-be, p-i-pe m-ai-m, w-ay wh-y, wh-en
Lips and Teeth. [Labio-Dentals.]	f v	f-i-fe, f-eo-ff v-ine, e-ve
Tongue and Teeth. [Linguo-Dentals.]	d t th th j ch s sh z zh	d-i-d, t-en-t th-is, th-ink j-oy, ch-ur-ch s-un, sh-un z-one, a-z'ure
Tongue and Palate. [Linguo-Palatals.]	g k l r y	g-ood, boo-k l-u-ll, r-oa-r y-et, y-es
Nasal Passages.	n ng	n-o-ne, n-i-ne si-ng, ri-ng
Glottis.	h	h-at, h-ow

PART II.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

1. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1. William Shakespeare, the greatest of dramatic poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in England, in 1564. His father is said by some to have been a butcher; by others, a wool-dealer. The son was placed in the free school of Stratford, where he acquired "small Latin and less Greek."

2. In consequence of his father's embarrassment in business, the son was withdrawn from school. About the year 1587, in the twenty-third year of his age, he removed to London. His first employment was that of an actor, a profession which he continued to exercise, more or less, for seventeen years.

3. In twenty-three years he wrote thirty-seven plays, some of which are unequaled as dramatic productions. In 1613, he retired from the theatre, and returned to Stratford, where he passed the three remaining years of his life in ease, retirement, and the conversation of

his friends. He died on the 23d of April, 1616, having completed his fifty-second year.

4. His remains lie in the chancel of the great church at Stratford. Shakespeare has been and always will be the wonder and admiration of mankind. How with his education and opportunities he could pour forth works that eclipse those of any other poet, is an inexplicable phenomenon.

5. He has been well called the myriad-minded Shakespeare; and, indeed, he seemed to combine in himself the excellencies of the most distinguished poets. An intellect, large and comprehensive; an imagination that "exhausted worlds and then invented new," and a genuine love of nature, were crowned by a marvelous power of expression. Not a word in his writings can be changed without injury to the meaning.

6. He held "the mirror up to nature" and to man. He seemed to enter into every character he drew, and all his characters speak and act like real men and women. It has been said that there is not a phase of life for which an appropriate quotation cannot be made from his works. The contemporaries of Shakespeare speak of the cheerfulness and serenity of his mind, and the gentleness, benevolence, and goodness of his heart.

7. "So far from Shakespeare's being the least known," says Emerson, "he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered! What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?"

2. THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

[NOTE. This extract forms the second scene, act iiii., of Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar." The events represented immediately follow the assassination of Cæsar, B. C. 44. Mark Antony, a friend of Cæsar, had been allowed by Brutus and Cassius, the leaders of the conspiracy, "to speak at Cæsar's funeral."]

Scene—The Forum in Rome. *Present*—BRUTUS and CASSIUS and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, when severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.]

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant,

I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

[Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

[*Goes up.*]

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake, he finds
himself beholden to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain: We are bless'd that
Rome is rid of him.

Third Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears:

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,—
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown; therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet—'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors! Honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

[*He comes down.*]

Second Citizen. Descend.

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen. A ring! stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse; stand from
the body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge—about—seek—burn—fire—kill—
slay,—let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber—he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Citizen. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

DEFINITIONS.

testament, will.

commons, the common people.

napkins, handkerchiefs.

issue, children.

dint, emotion.

answered it, atoned for it.

general coffers, the public treasury.

mu'ti ny, to revolt against lawful authority.

marred with, mangled by.

Most unkindest. In the time of Shakespeare, double compara-

tives and superlatives were not uncommon.

The Nervii. A warlike tribe of Gaul.

Lend me your ears. Give me your attention.

The Lupercal. One of the most ancient of the Roman festivals.

Who, you all know, are honorable men. Spoken ironically. Read *honorable* with the rising circumflex inflection, and *men* with the slight rising inflection.

1

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS AND THEIR OPPOSITES.

Write the following words, and after each, a word that has an opposite meaning.

positive

sink

merry

plentiful

selfish

concise

obscure

convex

profit

dense

liberty

please

II. TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

BRYANT.

III. GRAY'S ELEGY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

II. MODERATE MOVEMENT.

THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

COLLINS.

NOTE. Almost any piece of narrative or descriptive prose affords examples of *moderate* movement. From pieces in Part I, previously read, require pupils to select extracts to be read with *moderate* rate.

III. FAST MOVEMENT.

I. THE MESSAGE.

The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!
The summons dread brooks no delay.
Stretch to the race—away! away!

SCOTT.

II. THE SUMMONS.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster:
Chief, vassal, page, and groom, tenant and master.
Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume, blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

SCOTT.

III. THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

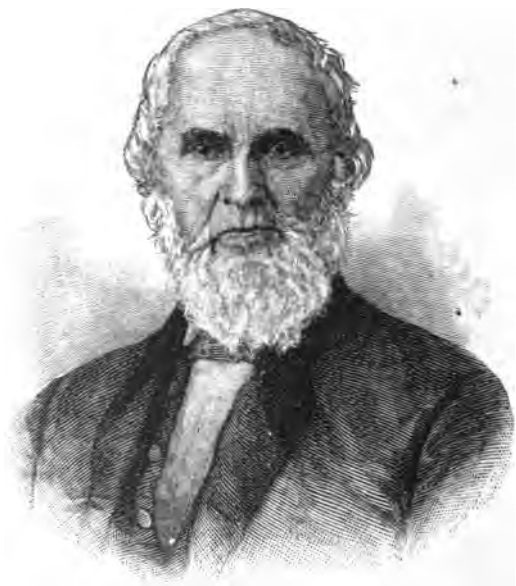
Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride!
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire;
And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore;
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.

MILLER.

IV. L'ALLEGRO.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebees sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade.

MILTON.



4. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1. John Greenleaf Whittier is of a Quaker family, and was born in Haverhill, Mass., 1807. He afterwards removed to Amesbury, and thence to Danvers, where he now resides. Until he was eighteen years of age, he remained at home, attending the district school and assisting his father on the farm.

2. One afternoon, while he was gathering in the hay, a peddler dropped a copy of Burns in his hands. As he sat under a maple's shadow, singing with Burns the hours away, his eyes were unsealed. He found that the things out of which poetry came were not away off in a foreign land, but lying right there about his feet, and among the people he knew.

3. The *common* things of our life he found were full of poetry.

“I matched with Scotland’s heathery hills
The *sweet-brier* and the *clover*;
With Ayr and Doon, my *native* rills
Their wood-hymns chanting over.”

4. And thus he became an American poet. . Of all our poets Whittier had the least advantages from schools; but he was a born poet, and his “native wood-notes wild” are sweeter than all the trills and flourishes of art. He has, not inaptly, been called the Burns of America. We hear in him the same simple, fervid, and loving strains; we find in both descriptions of humble life and the common scenes of nature; we are thrilled by the same whole-hearted and generous appeals to whatever is best in humanity.

5. He was an early and manly opponent to slavery—but while he condemned the system, he had no animosity towards the slave-holders. His heaviest blows fell upon northern apologists for slavery. Never had reformer so kindly a heart. No one can read his works without being touched by the sweet and tender strains of his poetry. His soul is filled with love and reverence for God, and with good will to all his fellow-men.

6. “There is no drop of his blood,” says David Wasson, “there is no fibre of his brain which does not crave poetic expression. He is intelligibly susceptible to those who have little, either of poetic culture, or of fancy and imagination. Whoever has common-sense and a sound heart has the power by which he may be appreciated. And yet he is not only a real poet, but he is *all* poet. His notes are not many, but in them Nature herself sings. He is a sparrow that half sings, half chirps on a bush, not a lark that floods with orient hilarity the skies of morning.

7. “His genius is Hebrew Biblical—more so than

that of any other poet now using the English language. He is a flower of the moral sentiment, and of the moral sentiment not in its flexible, feminine, vine-like dependence and play, but in its masculine vigor, climbing, in direct affirmation, like a forest pine. Moreover, the man and the poet are one and the same. His verse is a representation of that which is presented to his consciousness; and in his voice you can hear the deep refrain of Nature, and of Nature chanting her moral ideal."

8. Of his poems, the following are recommended to young readers: "The Witch's Daughter," "Robert Rawlin," "Songs of Labor," "Snow-Bound," "Maud Muller," "In School-days," and "The Friend's Burial."

5. SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

1. Of all the rides, since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!
2. Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part.
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,

Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

3. Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"
4. Small pity for him!—he sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own towns-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they cried to him;
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!
5. Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea—
Looked for the coming that might not be!

What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

6. Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide,
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

7. Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

8. "Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!

Hate me and curse me—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

9. Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, "*God has touched him!—why should we?*"
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,
 "*Cut the rogue's tether, and let him run!*"
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
 And left him alone with his shame and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DEFINITIONS.

Apuleius's Golden Ass. Apule'ius, a Roman philosopher, born in the second century of the Christian era. The most celebrated of his works is the "*Metamorphosis, or Golden Ass.*"

Mænads. The Mænads were the Bacchantes, or priestesses of Bacchus: the name was given in allusion to their frenzied movements.

One-Eyed Calendar's horse of brass.

See the story of Agib, the third Calendar, in the "*Arabian Nights'* Entertainments.

Al-Borak, a wondrous imaginary animal, on which Mohammed pretended to have made a night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem and thence to the seventh heaven.

Chaleur Bay, an inlet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

WRITTEN SPELLING.—SYNONYMS.

Write a synonym of each of the following words:

beautiful	moment	inquire	possess
indolent	tidings	construct	appears
conduct	abundant	perform	allow
merchant	teacher	schooling	church

II. VOCAL TRAINING.—FORCE OF VOICE.

Force relates to loudness of voice or intensity of expression. The *general rule* of force is to read loud enough to fill the room so that every one can hear distinctly what is read. Of course, the loudness must vary according to the size of the room or the number of hearers. The expression of different feelings, however, requires different degrees of force. Some pieces require *gentle* or soft force; some, *moderate* force; and others, *loud* force. The same piece, also, may require, at times, each of these degrees, in order to express the feeling appropriately.

Soft, or gentle force is appropriate to the expression of peace, tenderness, or sadness.

Moderate, or natural force is the characteristic force of unimpassioned, narrative, descriptive, and didactic composition.

Loud force is characteristic of courage, boldness, defiance; and of what is grand, noble, and sublime.

CONCERT FORCE DRILL.

Repeat three times, the vocals: ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

1. With soft, or gentle force.
2. With moderate force.
3. With loud, or declamatory force.

I. GENTLE, OR SOFT FORCE.

I. FROM THE "STORY OF SCHOOL."

1. The mingled hum of the busy town
Rose faint from the lower plain,
And we saw the steeple over the trees,
With its motionless, golden vane,

- And heard the cattle's musical low,
And the rustle of standing grain.
2. We waited in reverent silence long,
And silence the master kept,
Though still the accustomed saintly smile
Over his features crept;
And we thought, worn out with the lengthened toil
Of the summer's day, he slept.
3. So we quietly rose and left our seats,
And outward into the sun,
From the gathering shade of the dusty room,
Stole silently one by one—
For we knew, by the distant striking clock,
It was time the school was done.
4. And left the master sleeping alone,
Alone in his high-backed chair,
With his eyelids and his withered palms
Folded as if in prayer,
And the mingled light and smile on his face,
And we knew not Death was there.

II. MODERATE FORCE.

I. READING AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

1. We had rather have a child return to us from school a first-rate reader, than a first-rate performer on the piano-forte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the intelligence and talent of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence. And there may be eloquent readers, as well as eloquent speakers.

2. Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an

instrument. It is, indeed, a most intellectual accomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. We do by no means undervalue this noble and most delightful art, to which Socrates applied himself, even in his old age. But one recommendation of the art of reading is that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It demands continual and close reflection and thought, and the finest discrimination of thought. It involves, in its perfection, the whole art of criticism on language.

III. LOUD FORCE.

I. THE BELLS.

Hear the loud *alarum* bells—

Bräzen bells!

What a tale of *terror*, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.

Leaping higher, *higher*, HIGHER,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor,

Now—*now* to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

O the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair!

How they *clang*, and *clash*, and *roar*!

What a *horror* they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear, it fully knows,

By the twanging

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells:

POE.

II. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

KELLOGG.

III. TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and péaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first behéld,
To show they still are frèe. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his hôme
Again! O, sacred fórms, how *pròud* you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How *hùge* you are! how *mìghty* and how *frèe*!

KNOWLES.

6. THE BEE PASTURES OF CALIFORNIA.

PART I.

1. When California was wild, it was one sweet bee-garden throughout its entire length, north and south, and all the way across from the snowy Sierra to the Ocean. Wherever a bee might fly within the bounds of this virgin wilderness—through the redwood forests, along the banks of the rivers, along the bluffs and headlands fronting the sea, over valley and plain, park and grove, and deep leafy glen, or far up the piney slopes of the mountains—throughout every belt and section of climate, bee flowers bloomed in lavish abundance.

2. Here they grew more or less apart, in special sheets and patches of no great size, there in broad, flowing folds, hundreds of miles in length, zones of polleny forests, zones of flowery chaparral, stream-tangles of rubus and wild rose, sheets of golden compositæ, beds of violets, beds of mint, beds of bryanthus and clover, and so on,—certain species blooming somewhere all the year round.

3. Only a few years ago, the Great Central Plain of California, during the months of March, April, and May, was one smooth, continuous bed of honey-bloom, so marvelously rich that, in walking from one end of it to the other, a distance of more than four hundred miles, your feet would press more than a hundred flowers at every step. Mints, nemophilas, castilleias, gillias, and innumerable compositæ, were so crowded together that, had ninety-nine in every hundred been taken away, the plain would still have seemed extravagantly flowery to any but Californians.

4. The radiant, honeyful corollas, touching and overlapping, and rising above one another, glowed in the living light like a sunset sky—one glorious blaze of purple and gold. Down through the midst flowed many

a river, the Sacramento from the north, the San Joaquin from the south, with noble tributaries sweeping in at right angles from the mountains, dividing the plain into sections fringed with trees.

5. My first view of this central garden, the most extensive and best defined of all the bee-pastures of the State, was obtained from the summit of the Pacheco pass, about the middle of April, 1868, when it was rejoicing in all its glory. Along the eastern horizon rose the mighty Sierra, white and jagged with snowy peaks along the top, dark with forests in the middle region, and purple with grasses and flowers and chaparral at the base, and blending gracefully in smooth hill undulations into the glowing yellow plain, which, like a cloth of gold, was seen flowing away to the north and south as far as the eye could reach: hazy and vanishing in the distance, distinct as a new map along the foot-hills at my feet—the sunny sky arching over all.

6. Descending the eastern slopes of the Coast Range, through beds of gillias and lupines, and around many a breezy hillock and bush-crowned headland, I at length waded out into the midst of the glorious field of gold. All the ground was covered, not with grass and green leaves, but with radiant corollas, about ankle-deep next the foot-hills, knee-deep or more five or six miles out.

7. Sauntering in any direction, hundreds of these happy sun-plants brushed against my feet at every step, and closed over them as if I were wading in liquid gold. The air was sweet with fragrance; the larks sang their blessed songs, rising on the wing as I advanced, then sinking out of sight in the polleny sod, while myriads of wild bees stirred the lower air with their monotonous hum—monotonous, yet forever fresh and sweet as every-day sunshine.

8. How long the various species of wild bees have lived in this honey-garden nobody knows; probably ever

since the main body of the present flora gained possession of the land, toward the close of the glacial period. The first brown honey-bees brought to California are said to have arrived in San Francisco in March, 1853. The little emigrants flourished and multiplied in the bountiful pastures of the Santa Clara Valley, sending off three swarms the first season. Two years later a single swarm was taken over from San Jose, and let fly in the Great Central Plain.

9. The present condition of the Sacramento Basin is very different from that which we have sketched. The arch-destroyers have been the shepherds with their flocks of hooped locusts, sweeping over the ground like a fire. The bee-pastures of the coast ranges last longer and are far more varied than those of the great plain, on account of differences of soil and climate, moisture and shade.

10. Some of the mountains are upward of four thousand feet in height, and small streams and springs, oozy bogs, etc., occur in great abundance and variety in the wooded regions, while open parks flooded with sunshine, and hill-girt valleys lying at different elevations, each with its own peculiar climate and exposure, possess the required conditions for the development of species and families of plants widely varied.

DEFINITIONS.

co rol'la, the most conspicuous part of the flower, usually brightly colored.

man za ni'ta, an evergreen shrub of the heath family, with red bark, and drooping clusters of white or pink flowers.

pol'len y, abounding with the dust of the anthers of flowers.

ru'bus, a genus of the rose family of plants. The kinds here referred to are blackberries and thimble-berries.

chap ar ral', a thicket of low evergreen shrubs.

ne moph'i la, a genus of low herbs with usually blue flowers.

cas til le'ia, a genus of plants popularly known as squaw-pinks, or painted-cups.

gil'ia, a genus of plants of many species, with phlox-like flowers.

pe dic u la'ria, a genus of plants resembling castilleia.

com pos'it æ, plants of the sun-flower family, as the daisy.

7. THE BEE PASTURES OF CALIFORNIA.

PART II.

1. The Sierra region is the largest of the three main divisions of the bee-lands of the State, and the most regularly varied in its subdivisions, owing to their gradual rise from the level of the Central Plain to the Alpine summits. Up through the forest region, to a height of about nine thousand feet above sea-level, there are ragged patches of manzanita, and five or six species of ceanothus, called deer-brush or California lilac. The pines furnish unlimited quantities of pollen and honeydew.

2. The product of a single tree, ripening its pollen at the right time of the year, would be sufficient for the wants of a whole hive. Along the streams there is a rich growth of lilies, larkspurs, pedicularis, castillejas, and clover. The Alpine region contains the flowery glacier meadows, and countless small gardens in all sorts of places full of flowers.

3. I have seen wild bees and butterflies feeding at a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea. Many, however, that go up these dangerous heights never come down again. Some, undoubtedly, perish in storms, and I have found thousands lying dead or benumbed on the surface of the glaciers, to which they had perhaps been attracted by the white glare.

4. Bears too, roam the sweet wilderness; and though the California bears have as yet had but little experience with honey-bees, they often succeed in reaching their bountiful stores, and it seems doubtful whether bees themselves enjoy honey with so great a relish. By means of their powerful teeth and claws they can gnaw and tear open almost any hive conveniently accessible. Most honey-bees, however, in search of a home, are wise enough



BEE-KEEPER'S
CABIN.

to make choice of a hollow in a living tree, a considerable distance above the ground, when it is possible.

5. Here they are pretty secure, for though the smaller black and brown bears climb well, they are unable to break into strong hives while compelled to exert themselves to keep from falling, and at the same time to endure the stings of the fighting bees without having their paws free to rub them off. But woe to the black bumble-bees discovered in their mossy mouse-nests in the ground! The bears with a few strokes of their huge paws lay the entire establishment bare, and, before time is given for a general buzz, bees old and young, larvæ, honey, stings, nest, and all, are taken in in one ravishing mouthful.

6. A good many of the so-called bee-ranches of Los Angeles and San Diego counties are still of the rudest pioneer kind imaginable. A man unsuccessful in everything else hears the interesting story of the profits and comforts of bee-keeping, and concludes to try it, buy a few colonies, or gets them from some overstocked ranch on shares, takes them back to the foot of some canyon where the pasturage is fresh, squats on the land, with or without the permission of the owner, sets up his hives, makes a box cabin for himself scarcely bigger than a bee-hive, and awaits his fortune.

7. The Santa Lucia, San Rafael, San Gabriel, San Jacinto, and San Bernardino ranges are almost untouched as yet save by the wild bees. Some idea of their resources, and of the advantages and disadvantages they offer to bee-keepers, may be formed from an excursion that I made into the San Gabriel range about the beginning of August of "the dry year." This range, containing most of the characteristic features of the other ranges just mentioned, overlooks the Los Angeles vineyards and orange groves from the north, and is more rigidly inaccessible in the ordinary meaning of the word

than any other that I ever attempted to penetrate. The slopes are exceptionally steep, and insecure to the foot, and they are covered with thorny bushes from five to ten feet high.

8. With the exception of little spots, not visible in general views, the entire surface is covered with them, massed in close hedge growth, sweeping gracefully down into every gorge and hollow, and swelling over every ridge and summit in shaggy, ungovernable exuberance, offering more honey to the acre for half the year than the most crowded clover field in bloom time. But when beheld from the open San Gabriel Valley, beaten with dry sunshine, all that was seen of the range seemed to wear a forbidding aspect. From base to summit all seemed gray, barren, silent, its glorious chaparral appearing like dry moss creeping over its dull, wrinkled ridges and hollows.

9. The eastern slopes of the basin are in every way similar to those we have described, and the same may be said of other portions of the range. From the highest summit, far as the eye could reach, the landscape was one vast bee-pasture, a rolling wilderness of honey bloom, scarcely broken by bits of forest or the rocky outcrops of hill-tops and ridges. Beyond the San Bernardino range lies the wild "sage-brush country," bounded on the east by the Colorado River, and extending in a general northerly direction to Nevada and along the eastern base of the Sierra beyond Mono Lake. The greater portion of this immense region, including Owens Valley, Death Valley, and the Sink of the Mohave, and whose area is nearly one-fifth that of the entire State, is usually regarded as a desert, not because of any lack in the soil, but for want of rain, and rivers available for irrigation. Very little of it, however, is desert in the eyes of a bee.

JOHN MUIR.

III. VOCAL TRAINING.—THE READING OF POETRY.

It is a mistake to suppose that poetry should be read as if it were prose. Poetry, being the rhythmical and melodious expression of imagination, sentiment, and passion, requires a greater variety of modulation than does prose. The chief points of difference may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. Poetry, being a rhythmical succession of sounds, requires, in general, a slower rate or movement than prose, and a greater prolonging of vowel and liquid sounds.

2. In consequence of *metre*, or the measure of rhythm, poetry should be read with a slight degree of musical utterance.

3. Due attention must be given to casual pauses and rhythmical accent. The *metre* should be delicately indicated, but not made so prominent as to run into a sing-song style.

4. In reading poetry, the force of utterance is softened or toned down. The rhythm of verse requires a slight swell of the voice, somewhat like the "swell" in music.

5. *Rhyme* should be indicated by a slight emphasis on the words that rhyme.

6. In poetry, as in prose, attention must be given to emphasis, rhetorical pauses, and inflection. The frequent inversions in verse make rhetorical pauses more frequent than in prose.

7. In poetry the accent of a word is sometimes changed to prevent a break in the measure, as

"Adown enormous rav'ines slope amain."

8. For the same reason final *ed* is often sounded as a separate syllable, as

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones."

8. MODULATION OF THE VOICE.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear;
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper words with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.
Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll:
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words, like stage procession, stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.
Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid, and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft, and finer strokes, are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone;
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
More powerful terror to the mad conveys,
Than he who, swollen with big, impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.
He who in earnest studies o'er his part
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthened O!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes:
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions,—all the soul, is there.

LLOYD.

9. BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Require pupils to memorize for concert recitation.

1.

There was a sound of revelry by *night*,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her *beauty* and her *chivalry*, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair *women* and brave *mèn*;
 A *thousand hearts* beat *happily*; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous *swell*,
 Soft eyes looked *love* to eyes which *spake* again,
 And all went merry as a *marriage-bell*;
 But *hush!* *hark!* a deep sound strikes like a rising *knell!*

2.

Did ye not *hear* it?—*Nò*; 't was but the *wind*,
 Or the *càr* rattling o'er the stony *strèet*:
 On with the *dànce!* let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till *mòrn*, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying *feet*—
 But *hark!*—that heavy sound breaks in *once mòre*,
 As if the *clòuds* its *ècho* would *repèat*;
 And *nèarer*, *clèarer*, *dèadlier* than *befòre!*
Arm! *ARM!* it is—it is the *cànnon's* opening *roar!*

3.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and *fró*,
 And gathering *téars*, and *trémblings* of *distréss*,
 And cheeks all *pàle*, which but an hour *agó*
Blùshed at the praise of their own *lòveliness*;
 And there were *sudden pàrtings*, such as press
 The *life* from out *yóung* hearts, and choking *sìghs*
 Which *ne'er* might be *repèated*: *who* could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual *éyes*
 Since upon *night* so *swéet* such *awful mòrn* could rise!

4.

And there was mounting in hot hàste; the steéd,
 The mustering squádrón, and the clattering cár,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of wàr;
 And the deep *thúnder* peal on peal afár,
 And néar, the beat of the alarming *drù*m
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning stàr;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white líps, "*The fòe! They còme!*
they còme!"

5.

And Ardennes waves above them her green léaves,
 Dewy with nature's téar-drops, as they pass,
Griéving, if aught inanimate e'er griéves,
 Over the *unreturning bràve*—alás!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the *gràss*,
 Which now *benéath* them, but *abóve* shall grow
 In its *nèxt* verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of *living vátor*, rolling on the foe,
 And *burning with high hópe*, shàll mōulder cōld and lōw.

6.

Last *nóon* beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last *éve* in *Beauty's* circle proudly gay;
 The *midnight* brought the signal-sound of *strife*,
 The *mórn*, the marshaling in àrms—the *dáy*,
Battle's magnificently stern arrày!
 The thunder-clouds close *d'er* it, which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with *óther* clay,
 Which her *ówn* clay shall cóver, héaped and pént,
 Ríder and hòrse—friénd, foè—in òne rēd bŭrial blēnt.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING. Let the class read, from some historical work, if obtainable, an account of the battle of Waterloo.

10. FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A pun is generally indicated by the circumflex inflection. A rhetorical pause should be made before the word expressing the pun. Before reading call on the class to explain the puns.

1. Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his *lègs*,
So he laid down | his *àrms* !
2. Now Ben, he loved a pretty màid,
Her name was Nelly Grày;
So he went to pay her his *devóirs*,
When he'd *devóured* | his pay.
3. But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scòff;
And when she saw his wooden *lègs*,
Began | to *take them óff* !
4. "O Nelly Gráy! O Nelly Gráy!
Is *this* your love so wárm?
The love that loves a *scárlet* coat
Should be more | *úniform* !"
5. Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will *néver* have a man
With both legs | in the *gráve* !
6. "Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another | *foóting* now !"

7. "O false and fickle Nelly Gráy!
I know why you refuse:
 Though I've no *feét* | some other man
 Is standing | in *my shôes*!
8. "I wish I ne'er had seen your fàce;
 But, now, a long farewèll!
 For you will be my *deáth*;—*alás*
 You will not be | my *Nell*!"
9. Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
 His heart so heavy got,
 And life was such a burden grown,
 It made him take | *a knót*!
10. So, round his melancholy neck,
 A rope he did entwíne,
 And for the *sécond* time in life,
 Enlisted | in the *Líne*!
11. One end he tied around a béam,
 And then removed his pégs,
 And, as his *lêgs* were off,—of course,
 He soon was off | *his lêgs*.
12. And there he hung, till he was dead
 As any nail in town:
 For, though distress had *cut him úp*,
 It could not | *cut him dówn*!

THOMAS HOOD.

3

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS AND THEIR OPPOSITES.*Write the opposites of the following words:*

antipathy	capable	poetry	survive
maximum	either	passive	straight
corpulent	peevish	palace	freeman

IV. VOCAL TRAINING.—STRESS.

Stress denotes the manner of applying force of voice to single words or sounds.

The *radical* or abrupt stress applies the force of voice suddenly to the first part of a word or sound; it is like the beat of a drum. In this stress the vowel and liquid sounds are cut short abruptly. It is used in the expression of strong passions, such as anger, and in courage and boldness; also in the expression of strong determination, of hurry, and of alarm. The radical stress is indicated thus, (>).

The *median* or smooth stress corresponds to the *swell* in music, being strongest in the middle part of the sound. It is indicated thus, (< >). In this stress the vowel and liquid sounds are smooth and prolonged. The median stress is used in expressing joy, reverence, grandeur, and sublimity; also in expressing peace, tranquillity, and tender feeling. It prevails in the reading of poetry.

The other technical forms of stress—the *vanishing*, *thorough*, *compound*, and the *tremor*—concern only advanced pupils in elocution.

CONCERT DRILL ON STRESS.

1. Repeat four times with median stress the long vowel sounds—ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.
2. Repeat four times with radical or abrupt stress the short vocals—ă, ě, ĭ, ǒ, ŭ.
3. Repeat, with strong force and abrupt explosive stress on the initial vowel, the words: a-le, a-rm, a-ll, e-ve, i-sle, o-l-d, oo-ze, oi-l, ou-t.
4. Repeat the same words with median stress, or strong swell, as in music.

EXAMPLES OF MEDIAN STRESS.—CONCERT DRILL.

In median stress, prolong the vowel sounds and make long pauses.

I. THE BELLS.

Hear the mellow *wèdding*-bells,—
Gólden bells!

What a world of *hàppiness* their harmony foretèlls!

Through the balmy air of night,

How they *ring out* their delight!

From the molten-golden nótes,

And all in túne,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she glóats

On the mðon!

Oh, from out the sounding célls,

What a gush of *eùphony* voluminously wèlls!

How it swells,

How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bèlls, bèlls, bèlls,

Of the bèlls, bèlls, bèlls, bèlls,

Bèlls, bèlls, bèlls—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bèlls!

POE.

II. THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Pàst!

Strong | are the barriers | round thy dark domain,

And fetters, sure and fàst,

Hold all that enter | thy unbreathing reign.

Childhood, with all its mirth,

Yóuth, Mánhood, Age, that draws us to the ground,

And lást, Man's Life on éarth,

Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

BRYANT.

III. FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great! thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

IV. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?

EXAMPLES OF RADICAL STRESS.—CONCERT DRILL.

I. FROM WEBSTER'S SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote!

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment:—independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

II. FROM SCOTT.

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;—
The *hánd* of Douglas is his *ówn*,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as *Màrmion* clasp!"
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;

And "This to *mé*!" he said,—
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the *mèanest* in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

E'en in thy pitch of pride:
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),

I tell thee, thou'rt *defied*!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland *hére*—
Lówland or *Híghland*, *fár* or *néar*—

Lord Angus, *thou hast lied*!"
On the earl's cheek, the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his *dén*,

The Douglas in his *háll*?
And hop'st thou hence *unscáthed* to go?—
Nò, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, *nò*!"

11 THE ARSENAL.

1.

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

2.

Ah, what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

3.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

4.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric Forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts, sounds the Tartar gong.

5.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests, upon their teocallis,
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

6.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

7.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

8.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies!

9.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts:

10.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

11.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

12.

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

12. MRS. CAUDLE ON UMBRELLAS.

This piece illustrates circumflex inflection. It should be read in an emphatic, conversational style.

1. Bah! that's the *third* umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to dó?* Why, let him go home in the *ràin*, to be *súre*. I'm very certain there was nothing about *hím* that could *spóil*! Take *cóld*, *indeéd*! He doesn't look like one of the sort *to take cóld*. Besides, he'd have better taken *cóld*, than taken our *umbrélla*.

2. Do you hear the *ráin*, Mr. Caudle? I *sáy*, *do you hear the ráin?* Do you hear it against the *windows?* Nonsense: you don't impose upon *mě*; you can't be asleep with such a shower as *thát*! Do you *h ear* it, I *sáy*? Oh! you *dó* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. *Pòoh*! don't think me a *fóol*, Mr. Caudle; don't *insúlt* me; *hě* return the *umbrélla*! Anybody would think you were born *yesterday*. As if anybody ever *díd* return an *umbrélla*!

3. *Thère*; do you *h ear* it? Worse and worse. Cats and *dògs*! and for six weeks; always six weeks; and no *umbrélla*! I should like to know how the children are to go to *schóol* to-morrow. They sha'n't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn any thing (the blessed creatures!), sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder whom they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; whom, indeed, but their *fáther*? People who can't feel for their *own children*, ought never to *bé* fathers.

4. But I know why you lent the umbrella; oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on

purpose. Don't tell *mě*; you hate to have me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more.

5. N6; and I'll not have a càb! Where do you think the *m6ney's* to come from? You've got nice, high notions at that club of y6urs. A càb, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least; sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Càbs, *inděed!* I should like to know who's to *páy* for 'em; for I am sure *y6u* can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and begging your children, buying *umbrellas!*

6. Do you hear the *ràin*, Mr. Càudle? I sày, do you *hėar* it? But *I* don't càrė; I'll go to mother's to-m6rrow; I will; and what's more, *I'll walk every step of the wày*; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call *mě* a foolish *w6man*; 'tis *y6u* that's the foolish *mán*.

7. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold; it always does, but what do you care for *thăt?* Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there *will*. It will teach you to lend your *umbrėllas* again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of *c6urse!*

8. Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. *Nėed n't* I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shđll* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious kn6ws! it isn't often I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once; *bėtter*, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

9. Oh! that *ràin!* if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-mor-

row! How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell, but if I die, *I'll dō it*. *Nó*, sir; I'll *nót* borrow an umbrella: *nó*, and you sha'n't *báy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, *I'll throw it into the strēet*.

10. Ha! it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh! 'tis all very well for you. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas. Men, *indēed!* call themselves *lōrds of creátion!* *prētty lōrds*, when they can't even take care of an *umbrēlla!*

11. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you *wánt*: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then, nicely my poor, dear children will be used; but *thén*, sir, *thén* you'll be *háppty*. Oh! don't tell *mě!* I *knów* you will: else you'd never have lent the *umbrēlla!* You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you *cán't* go. No, indeed, you *dōn't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care; 'tis not so bad as spoiling your clothes; better lose it; people *desérve* to lose debts who lend *umbrēllas*.

12. The children too (dear things)! they'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home; they sha'n't lose their learning; 'tis all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *sháll* go to school. Don't tell me I said they *shōuld n't* (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel); they *sháll*, I tell you right here, they *sháll* go to school; mark *thát*; and if they get their deaths of cold, 'tis not my fault. Did *I* lend the umbrella, Mr. Caudle?—No, *I* did n't lend the *umbrēlla*.



13. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809, in the old gambrel-roof house still standing near the colleges, in which the fortifying of Bunker Hill was ordered. The first verses that made Holmes known, the lines to Old Ironsides, the frigate *Constitution*, were written in the attic of this old house when the poet was twenty years old.

2. After his graduation at Harvard, he pursued his medical studies in Europe, and after his return was chosen Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, a position which he resigned in 1882 after having discharged the duties for thirty-five years. He intends to devote the remainder of his life to literature.

3. The first thought that strikes us in Holmes is the activity, vigor, and fertility of his intellect. His wit is keen, flashing, inexhaustible. His humor is of the rarest kind; it flows from a most genial and happy nature. His lyrical poems are full of vigor and fire. His prose works, the "Breakfast-Table" series, consisting of three separate volumes: "The Autocrat," "The Professor," and "The Poet—at the Breakfast-Table," are brilliant, witty, and wise, and are interspersed with some of his most beautiful poems.

4. The reader is referred to "My Aunt," "The Last Leaf," "The School-Boy," "Contentment," "Birthday of Daniel Webster," "The Old Man of the Sea," "Aunt Tabitha," "Bill and Joe," "The Smiling Listener," "The Iron Gate," "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," and "Under the Violets."

14. MANNERS.

1. *Nothing so vulgar as to be in a hurry.*—True, but hard of application. People with short legs step quickly, because legs are pendulums, and swing more times in a minute the shorter they are. Generally, a natural rhythm runs through the whole organization: quick pulse, fast breathing, hasty speech, rapid trains of thought, excitable temper. *Stillness* of person and steadiness of features are signal marks of good-breeding. Vulgar persons can't sit still, or, at least, they must work their limbs or features.

2. *Talking of one's own ails and grievances.*—Bad enough, but not so bad as insulting the person you talk with by remarking on his ill-looks, or appearing to notice any of his personal peculiarities.

3. *Apologizing.*—A very desperate habit,—one that is rarely cured. Apology is only egotism wrong side out.

Nine times out of ten, the first thing a man's companion knows of his shortcoming is from his apology. It is mighty presumptuous on your part to suppose your small failures of so much consequence that you must make a talk about them.

4. Good dressing, quiet ways, low tones of voice, lips that can wait, and eyes that do not wander,—shyness of personalities, except in certain intimate communions,—to be *light in hand* in conversation, to have ideas, but to be able to make talk, if necessary, without them,—to belong to the company you are in, and not to yourself,—to have nothing in your dress or furniture so fine that you cannot afford to spoil it and get another like it, yet to preserve the harmonies throughout your person and dwelling: I should say that this was a fair capital of manners to begin with.

From Holmes' Professor at the Breakfast-Table.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING. Read to the class, or allow pupils to read in class, the following poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," "The Deacon's Masterpiece," and "The Boys."

Recommend to your pupils to draw from the library and read "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and the "Professor at the Breakfast-Table."

15. THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

1.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

2.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

3.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
Stretched in its last-found home, and knew the old no more.

4.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings—

5.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

16. GOOD NEWS.

This poem affords a good illustration of fast movement or rate.

1.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

2.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

3.

'T was moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

4.

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

5.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

6.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

7.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-tower sprang white,
And "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

8.

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for eye-sockets' rim.

9.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;—

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped, and stood.

10.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

17. THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

1. The reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603), was a glorious one. It is made memorable by the distinguished men that flourished in it. Apart from the great voyagers, statesmen, and scholars, whom it produced, the names of Bacon, Spenser, and Shakespeare will always be remembered with pride and veneration by the civilized world, and will always impart some portion of their luster to the name of Elizabeth herself.

2. It was a great reign for discovery, for commerce, and for English enterprise and spirit in general. The Queen was very popular, and, in her journeys about her dominions, was received with the liveliest joy.

3. I think the truth is she was not half so good as she has been made out by some, and not half so bad as she has been made out by others. She had many fine qualities, but she was coarse, vain, capricious, and treacherous.

Adapted from DICKENS'S *Child's History of England*.

COMPOSITION. Close the book, and write all you can remember about Queen Elizabeth.

18. THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

1. Formed by nature to brave the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean below him, the white-headed eagle appears indifferent to the change of seasons, as, in a few minutes, he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere,—the abode of eternal cold,—and thence descend, at will, to the torrid, or to the Arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but from the great partiality he has for fish, he prefers to live near the ocean.

2. In procuring fish, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical;—attributes exerted only on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy vocations below,—the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy shore-birds, coursing along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of Nature.

3. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows

him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself, with half-opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result.

4. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the watchful eagle is all ardor; and, leveling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation.

5. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk. Each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencounters the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

DEFINITIONS.

at'tri butes, qualities.

a e'ri al, having its place in the air.

e merge', to rise up out of.

ev o lu'tions, regular and orderly movements.

ex e cra'tion, a curse.

e the're al, pertaining to the thin upper air.

pois'ing, balancing.

ren coun'ters, combats.

vo ca'tions, occupations.

4

WRITTEN SPELLING.—SYNONYMS.

Write a synonym for each of the following words:

surpass

disgrace

disperse

abbreviate

select

docile

tenacity

conversation

remain

avoid

insipid

aqueous

19. SANTA FILOMENA.

Written in honor of Florence Nightingale, the philanthropist. Read this poem in the class and then require the girls of the class to memorize it for recitation.

1. Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.
2. The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.
3. Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!
4. Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—
5. The wounded from the battle-plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.
6. Lo! in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.
7. And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss

Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

8. As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.
9. On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.
10. A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.
11. Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear:
The symbols that of yore
Santa Filomena bore.

LONGFELLOW.

20. THE FOURTH OF JULY.

To be marked by the class, under the direction of the teacher, for emphasis, pauses, and inflections; then to be memorized by the boys of the class for declamation.

1. On the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection of

Providence—and yet not without deep solicitude and anxiety—has stood for seventy-five years, and still stands.

2. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers and overcome them; it has had enemies, and it has conquered them; it has had detractors, and it has abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love; and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed, with profound admiration.

3. This anniversary animates, and gladdens, and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all in all, nothing but Americans.

4. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather, and all noxious exhalations in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him;—every man's port and bearing become somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DEFINITIONS.

de tract'ors, slanderers.

dis'si pate, scatter.

au'gust', awful; majestic.

ex ha la'tions, vapors.

lu'mi na ry, a body that gives light.

nox'ious, poisonous.

trans mit', hand down.

21. DOGS AND MASTERS.

1. Probably the most forlorn and abject creature to be seen on the face of the earth is a masterless dog. Slouching and slinking along, cringing to every human being it chances to meet, running away, with its tail between its legs, from smaller dogs whom under other circumstances it would accost with a gruff who-are-you sort of growl—it forms the very picture of utter humiliation and self-abasement.

2. Grip and I have just come across such a lost specimen of stray doghood, trying to find his way back to his home across the fields. I fancy he belongs to a traveling show which left the village yesterday, and it is quite refreshing to watch the air of superior wisdom and calm but mute compassionateness with which Grip casts his eye sidelong upon that wretched masterless vagrant, and passes him without even a nod.

3. He looks up to me complacently as he trots along by my side, and seems to say with his eye, "Poor fellow! he's lost his master, you know—careless dog that he is!" I believe the lesson has had a good moral effect upon Grip's own conduct, too; for he has now spent ten whole minutes well within my sight, and has resisted the most tempting solicitations to ratting and rabbiting held out by half a dozen holes and burrows in the hedge-wall, as we go along.

4. This total dependence of dogs upon a master is a very interesting example of the growth of inherited instincts. The original dog, who was a wolf, or something very like it, could not have had any such artificial feeling. He was an independent, self-reliant animal, quite well able to look after himself on the boundless plains of Central Europe or high Asia.

5. But at least as early as the days of the Danish

shell-mounds, perhaps thousands of years earlier, man had learned to tame the dog and to employ him as a friend or servant for his own purposes. Those dogs which best served the ends of man were preserved and increased; those which followed too much their own original instincts were destroyed or at least discouraged.

6. The savage hunter would be very apt to fling his stone ax at the skull of a hound that tried to eat the game he had brought down with his flint-tipped arrow, instead of retrieving it: he would be most likely to keep carefully and feed well, on the refuse of his own meals, the hound which aided him most in surprising, killing, and securing his quarry. Thus there sprang up between man and the dog a mutual and ever-increasing sympathy which on the part of the dependent creature has at last become organized into an inherited instinct.

7. If we could only thread the labyrinth of a dog's brain, we should find somewhere in it a group of correlated nerve-connections answering to this universal habit of his race; and the group in question would be quite without any analogous mechanism in the brain of the ancestral wolf. As truly as the wing of the bird is adapted to its congenital instinct of flying; as truly as the nervous system of the bee is adapted to its congenital instinct of honeycomb building, just so truly is the brain of the dog adapted to its now congenital instinct of following and obeying a master.

8. The habit of attaching itself to a particular human being is nowadays ingrained in the nerves of the modern dog just as really, though not quite so deeply, as the habit of running or biting is ingrained in its bones and muscles. Every dog is born into the world with a certain inherited structure of limbs, sense-organs, and brain; and this inherited structure governs all its future actions, both bodily and mental. It seeks a master because it is endowed with master-seeking brain organs;

it is dissatisfied until it finds one, because its native functions can have free play in no other way.

9. Among a few dogs, like those of Constantinople, the instinct may have died out by disuse, as the eyes of cave animals are atrophied for want of light; but when a dog has been brought up from puppyhood under a master, the instinct is fully and freely developed, and the masterless condition is thenceforth for him a thwarting and disappointing of all his natural feelings and affections.

10. Not only have dogs as a class acquired a special instinct with regard to humanity generally, but particular breeds of dogs have acquired particular instincts with regard to certain individual acts. Nobody doubts that the muscles of a greyhound are specially correlated to the acts of running and leaping; or that the muscles of a bulldog are specially correlated to the act of fighting. The whole external form of these creatures has been modified by man's selective action for a deliberate purpose: we breed, as we say, from the dog with the best points.

11. But besides being able to modify the visible and outer structure of the animal, we are also able to modify, by indirect indications, the hidden and inner structure of the brain. We choose the best ratter among our terriers, the best pointer, retriever, or setter among other breeds, to become the parents of our future stock. We thus, half unconsciously, select particular types of nervous system in preference to others.

12. Now, everybody knows that you cannot teach one sort of dog the kind of tricks which come by instinct to a different sort. No amount of instruction will induce a well-bred terrier to retrieve your handkerchief: he insists upon worrying it instead. So no amount of instruction will induce a well-bred retriever to worry a rat: he brings it gingerly to your feet, as if it was a dead partridge.

13. The reason is obvious, because no one would breed from a retriever which worried, or from a terrier which treated its natural prey as if it were a stick. Thus the brain of each kind is hereditarily supplied with certain nervous connections wanting in the brain of other kinds. We need no more doubt the reality of the material distinction in the brain than we need doubt it in the limbs and jaws of the greyhound and the bulldog.

GRANT ALLEN.

22. ORIENT YOURSELF.

1. The Germans and the French have a beautiful phrase which would enrich any language that should adopt it. They say: "*To orient*," or, "*To orient one's self*."

2. When a traveler arrives at a strange city, or is overtaken by night or by a storm, he takes out his compass and learns which way is the East, or Orient. Forthwith all the cardinal points—east, west, north, south—take their true places in his mind, and he is in no danger of seeking for the sunset or the pole-star in the wrong quarter of the heavens. *He orients himself.*

3. When commanders of armies approach each other for the battle, on which the fate of empires may depend, each learns the localities of the ground,—how best he can entrench his front or cover his flank; how best he can make a sally or repel an assault. *He orients himself.*

4. When a statesman revolves some mighty scheme of administrative policy, so vast as to comprehend surrounding nations and later times in its ample scope, he takes an inventory of his resources, he adapts means to ends, he adjusts plans and movements so that one shall not counterwork another, and he marshals the whole series of affairs for producing the grand result. *He orients himself.*

5. Young man! open your heart before me for one moment, and let me write upon it these parting words. The gracious God has just called you into being; and, during the few years you have lived, the greatest lesson you have learned is, that you shall never die. All around your body the earth lies open and free, and you can go where you will; all around your spirit the universe lies open and free, and you can go where you will. *Orient yourself! ORIENT YOURSELF!*

6. Seek frivolous and elusive pleasures if you will; expend your immortal energies upon ignoble and fallacious joys; but know, their end is intellectual imbecility, and the perishing of every good that can ennoble or emparadise the human heart. Obey, if you will, the law of the baser passions,—appetite, pride, selfishness,—but know, they will scourge you into realms where the air is hot with fiery-tongued scorpions, that will sting and torment your soul into unutterable agonies.

7. But study and obey the sublime laws on which the frame of nature was constructed; study and obey the sublimer laws on which the soul of man was formed; and the fullness of the power and the wisdom and the blessedness, with which God has filled and lighted up this resplendent universe, shall all be yours.

HORACE MANN.

5

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

Study this lesson by writing it on your slate.

disyllable	taboo	occult	picnicking
trisyllable	tattoo	ocular	frolicking
chocolate	accrue	unroll	ophicleide
bamboo	parole	stucco	sibylline

When you write this from dictation, divide each word into syllables, mark the accented syllable, and use diacritical marks.



23. CHARLES DICKENS.

1. Charles Dickens, one of the greatest of English novelists, was born at Landport, England, in 1812. He began his literary career as a reporter for the daily press of London. His first work—"The Pickwick Papers"—established his reputation as a novelist, and made him the most popular writer of his time. He died in 1870.

2. Begin his works by reading his "Christmas Carol," the most delightful Christmas story ever written; next, take up "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," and, if you are fond of humor, "The Pickwick Papers."

3. Dickens is characterized by Whipple, as follows: "Dickens, as a novelist and prose poet, is to be classed

in the front rank of the noble company to which he belongs. In representing life and character, there are two characteristics of his genius which startle every reader by their obviousness and power—his humor and pathos.

4. "He seems himself to be taken by surprise as his glad and genial fancies throng his brain, and to laugh and exult with the beings he has called into existence, in the spirit of a man observing, not creating. Squeers and Pecksniff, Simon Tappertit and Mark Tapley, Tony Weller and old John Willet, although painted with such distinctness that we seem to see them with the bodily eye, we still feel to be somewhat overcharged in the description. They are caricatured more in appearance than in reality, and if grotesque in form, are true and natural at heart.

5. "Much of the humor of Dickens is identical with his style. In this the affluence of his fancy in suggestive phrases and epithets is finely displayed; and he often flashes the impression of a character or a scene upon the mind by a few graphic verbal combinations. When Ralph Nickleby says 'God bless you' to his nephew, the words stick in his throat, as if unused to the passage. When Tigg clasped Mr. Pecksniff in the dark, that worthy gentleman 'found himself collared by something which smelt like several damp umbrellas, a barrel of beer, a cask of warm brandy-and-water, and a small parlorful of tobacco smoke, mixed.'

6. "Mrs. Todgers, when she desires to make Ruth Pinch know her station, surveys her with a look of 'genteel grimness.' A widow of a deceased brother of Martin Chuzzlewit is described as one who, 'being almost supernaturally disagreeable, and having a dreary face, a bony figure, and a masculine voice, was, in right of these qualities, called a strong-minded woman.' Mr. Richard Swiveller no sooner enters a room than 'the

nostrils of the company are saluted by a strong smell of gin and lemon-peel.'

7. "Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, a person who overfed himself, is sketched as a gentleman with such an obvious disposition to pimples that 'the bright spots on his cravat, the rich pattern of his waistcoat, and even his glittering trinkets seemed to have broken out upon him, and not to have come into existence comfortably.' Felicities like these, Dickens squanders with a prodigality which reduces their relative value, and makes the generality of style-mongers poor indeed.

8. "It is difficult to say whether Dickens is more successful in humor or pathos. Many prefer his serious to his comic scenes. It is certain that his remarkable genius can as readily draw tears as provoke laughter. Sorrow, want, poverty, pain, and death, the affections which cling to earth and those which rise above it, he represents always with power, and often with marvelous skill."

24. A SCHOOL OF FACTS.

1. "Now, what I want is facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to facts, sir! In this life we want nothing but facts, sir; nothing but facts!"

2. The speaker, and the school-master, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

3. Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for any thing over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir, with a rule and pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to.

4. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or August Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind, but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir! Indeed, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts.

5. "Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger. "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and courtesying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"Father calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another courtesy.

6. "Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

7. "You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very

well, then. Describe your father as a horse-breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say."

"O yes, sir!"

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horse-breaker. Give me your definition of a horse." Sissy Jupe was thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.

8. "Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse.—Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which irradiated Sissy.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

9. "Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in the mouth."

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

She courtesied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time.

10. The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat, always to be heard of at the bar of his little public office.

"Very well," said this gentleman briskly, smiling and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

11. After a pause, one-half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that "yes" was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is in these examinations. "Of course not. Why would n't you?"

A pause. One corpulent, slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured to answer, "Because I would n't paper a room at all, I'd paint it."

12. "You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"Yes; you must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you would n't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after a dismal pause, "why you would n't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality,—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir," from one half. "No, sir," from the other.

13. "Of course not," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called taste is only another name for fact. This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room, would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

14. There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir," was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of "no" was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said "yes;" among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling, in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room with representations

of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

15. "And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy"—

"Ay, ay, ay! but you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Cecilia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do any thing of that kind."

16. "You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by fact. You must discard the word 'fancy' altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down the walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

CHARLES DICKENS.

6

WRITTEN SPELLING.—SYNONYMS.

Write a synonym for each of the following words:

feminine	desire	irrigate	utility
laborer	salary	occidental	culpable
value	soldier	dilatory	acid

V. VOCAL TRAINING.—PITCH OR KEY.

Pitch relates to the tone of voice in reading or speaking. The degrees of pitch correspond, in some measure, to the notes of the scale in music. There are three degrees of pitch—the low, the high, and the middle.

The *middle* pitch of any reader is that to which his voice naturally inclines in conversation.

Low pitch is the appropriate tone for expressing reverence, despair, horror, and serious, grave, or solemn thoughts.

High pitch is the key for expressing anger, courage, joy, and exultation. It is also the key for calling or shouting.

The middle, or conversational key prevails in the greater part of narrative, descriptive, or didactic reading.

SPECIAL DIRECTION.

For “*middle pitch*,” read as you talk in ordinary conversation; for “*high pitch*,” read as high as you can, and keep the tone pure; for “*low pitch*,” read as low as you can without straining the voice.

CONCERT DRILL ON PITCH.

1. Repeat, three times, the following vowel sounds:
ä, ë, ï, ö, ü.
 - I. With low pitch.
 - II. With middle pitch.
 - III. With high pitch.
2. Sing the scale with the note names: *do, re, mi*, etc.
3. Sing the scale with numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
4. Sing the scale, substituting in place of notes the following words: *äle, ärm, all, éve, ërr, ice, öld, üse*.
5. Ditto, with these vocals: *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, ā, ē, ī*.
6. Sound the *third, fifth, and eighth* notes; then substitute for note names: *ëve, ärm, ööze*; then, *ë, ä, öö*.

I. MIDDLE PITCH.

I. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers, made!

GOLDSMITH.

II. CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah!

DICKENS.

II. LOW PITCH.

Low Pitch combined with the monotone: slow movement.

I. FROM THE PSALMS.

He bowed the heavens, also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet; and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind; and he made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

The Bible.

II. THE GRAVE.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

III. DREAM OF DARKNESS.

The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss, without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe.

BYRON.

IV. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

V. THE IRON BELLS.

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone!

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!

And he dances, and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells—

Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells.
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

VI. LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,

III. HIGH PITCH.

I. SPRING.

I come! I come!—ye have called me long:
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

HEMANS.

II. THE SILVER BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

POE.

III. THE BOBOLINK.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,—
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers;
Chee, chee, chee!

BRYANT.

25. THE COYOTE.

1. The coyote of the farther deserts is a long, slim, sick, and sorry-looking skeleton, with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

2. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of Want. He is *always* hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely!—so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful!

3. When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again—another fifty, and stop again; and, finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

4. But if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make

him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck farther to the front, and pant more fiercely, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level country.

5. All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along, and never pants or sweats, or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is.

6. And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

7. This "spurt" finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say:

8. "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, but—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day." And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude.

S. L. CLEMENS (*Mark Twain*).

26. RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in England in 1772, and died, 1834. The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," from which the following extract is taken, is one of the most interesting and delightful of his poems. Read the whole poem, if you can find it in the library.

1. The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea!
2. Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!
3. Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
4. Water, water, every-where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every-where,
Nor any drop to drink.
5. The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.
6. Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.
7. There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.

A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

8. A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.
9. With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!
10. See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!
11. The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.
12. The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.
13. One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

14. Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.
15. The souls did from their bodies fly,-
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow!

COLERIDGE.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING. If possible, let the class also read Coleridge's "Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc."

27. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Let the boys of the class memorize this piece for declamation.

1. It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We should know this, even if we had lost our calendars, for we should be reminded of it by the shouts of joy and gladness. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel, this day, that there is one treasure common to them all, and that is the fame and character of Washington. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

2. To the old and the young, to all born in the land, and to all whose love of liberty has brought them from foreign shores to make this the home of their adoption, the name of Washington is this day an exhilarating theme. Americans by birth, are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, every-where, all the world over, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

From an Oration by DANIEL WEBSTER.

28. THE SHIPWRECK.

1. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

“What is the matter?” I cried.

“A wreck! close by!”

I sprang out of bed, and asked: “What wreck?”

2. “A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It’s thought, down on the beach, she’ll go to pieces every moment.”

3. The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

4. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the sea.

5. The wind might, by this time, have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of, had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

6. In the difficulty of hearing any thing but wind and waves, in the crowd and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

7. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

8. One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in.

9. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

10. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again.

11. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast, uppermost the active figure with the curling hair.

12. There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck as she turned

on her beam ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone.

13. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

14. They were making out to me, in an agitated way, I don't know how—for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been barely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

15. I ran to him—as well as I know—to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me, and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

16. Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

17. Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerfully grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 't is come. If 't a'n't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready. I'm a-going off!"

18. I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested.

19. I don't know what I answered or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist, another around his body, and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

20. The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on, not like a sailor's cap, but of a fine color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

21. Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm

before, until there was a great returning wave, when with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast around his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water—rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn to land again. They hauled in hastily.

22. He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free,—or so I judged from the motion of his arm,—and was gone as before.

23. And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly.

24. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

25. Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart stilled forever.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SPELLING MATCH. Let the class "choose sides," and "spell down." For a lesson, select words from the spelling lessons in Part I. of the Fifth Reader.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **consternation**, **interminable**, **conspicuous**, **cordage**, **capstan**, **anticipative**.

VI. VOCAL TRAINING.—QUALITY OF VOICE.

Quality relates to the smoothness and clearness, roughness and harshness of the voice.

Pure tone is used in gentle and subdued forms of utterance, in the expression of tenderness and pathos, in unimpassioned reading generally, and also in *calling*, when the voice rises to a thin, clear note.

The *Orotund*, or round tone, is the full swelling utterance of pure tone, like the notes of an organ. It prevails in the expression of deep feeling, of delight, joy, sublimity, and reverence.

Aspirated quality is a combination of tone and whisper. It is applied in the expression of secrecy, fervor, and terror.

Guttural, or throat quality, is the rough, harsh tone to which the voice inclines in the expression of intense hatred, of contempt and revenge.

EXAMPLES OF PURE TONE.—CONCERT DRILL.

I. BUGLE SONG.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

II. RURAL HOLIDAY.

Sometimes with secure delight,
The upland *hàmlets* will invite,
When the merry *bèlls* ring round,
And the jocund *rèbecs* sound

To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong *daylight* fail.

MILTON.

III. PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

PIERPONT.

IV. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light!
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going—let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

TENNYSON.

EXAMPLES OF THE OROTUND.

I. MORNING HYMN TO MONT BLANC.

"God!" sing ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God," and fill the hills with praise!

COLERIDGE.

II. A NEW-YEAR'S CHIME.

Ho! ye wardens of the bells,
 Ring! ring! ring!
Ring for winter's bracing hours,
Ring for birth of spring and flowers,
Ring for summer's fruitful treasure,
Ring for autumn's boundless measure,
Ring for hands of generous giving,
Ring for vows of nobler living,
Ring for truths of tongue or pen,
Ring, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
 Ring! ring! ring!
Ring, that this glad year may see
Earth's accomplished jubilee!
 Ring! ring! ring!

III. REVERENCE.

O Lord! Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;
who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who
stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth
the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh
the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of
the wind; who laid the foundations of the earth, that
it should not be removed for ever.

The Bible.

EXAMPLES OF GUTTURAL QUALITY.

I. SHYLOCK, REGARDING ANTONIO.

How like a fawning *pùbbican* he looks!
I *hàte* him for he is a *Christian*;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of usance with us here in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the *hip*,
I will feed *fàt* the ancient *grùdge* I bear him!
He *hàtes* our *sacred nàtion*; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On *mè*, my *bàrgains*, and my well-won *thrift*,
Which he calls—*interest*.—*Cùrsed* be my tribe,
If I *forgìve* him!

II. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.
He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a mill-
ion: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned
my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends,
heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a
Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands,
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed
with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, sub-
ject to the same diseases, healed by the same means,
warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as
a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if
you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do
we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?
If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in
that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?
Revenge! If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his
sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge!
The villainy you teach me I will execute! and it shall
go hard but I will better the instruction!

SHAKESPEARE.

EXAMPLES OF ASPIRATED QUALITY.**I. THE WHISPER.**

1. Hark! listen! keep still!
2. Step softly! make no noise!

II. INTENSE WHISPER.

1. Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy! They are on their march along the bank of the river. We must retreat instantly, or be cut off from our boats. I see the head of their column already rising over the height. Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it; be silent; and stoop as you run. For the boats! Forward!

2. Supplementary drill.—Read in a forcible whisper the tables of Elementary Sounds at the end of Part I., page 177.

III. THE HALF-WHISPER.

The half-whisper is a combination of whisper and tone.

1. Step softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
2. This is the room of the sick man. Make no noise; he must not, on any account, be disturbed. Shut the door gently; step softly; and speak low.

CONCERT DRILL ON QUALITY.

Repeat four times, the following vowel sounds: ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

1. With soft whisper.
2. With forcible whisper.
3. With pure tone.
4. With the orotund.
5. With guttural quality.
6. With aspirated quality.

29. APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

George Gordon Byron was born in London, in 1788. In 1809 he traveled through different parts of Europe. On his return to England he published the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," in which he describes with royal splendor the picturesque life and scenery of Greece, Turkey, and the East. The poem was received with extraordinary favor so that he "awoke one morning and found himself famous." In 1824 he arrived at Missolonghi, in Greece, with the intention of aiding the Greeks to throw off the Turkish yoke, but he was seized with a fever and expired, at the age of thirty-six. Byron's poetic genius was of a high order. He was the poet of passion. He had an intense emotional nature, exquisite sensitiveness to the sublime and beautiful, wonderful descriptive powers, wit, sarcasm, fire, and energy.

Before reading this extract in the class, question pupils to ascertain if they have studied the lesson in advance. Then call the attention of pupils to the markings for rhetorical pauses, inflections, and emphasis. Next, read the poem, line by line, and let the class repeat in concert. Afterward, require each pupil, in turn, to go upon the platform and read one stanza to the class. Finally, require pupils to memorize the poem for recitation.

1.

There is a pléasure | in the pathless wòods,
 There is a rapture | on the lonely shòre,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sèa, and mùsic in its roar.
 I love not man the lèss, but Nature | mòre,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal |
 From all I may be, or have been befóre,
 To mingle with the ùniverse, and feel |
 What I can ne'er expréss, yet cannot all conceàl.

2.

Röll òn, thōu dēep and dārk blūe Ocean—röll!
 Tēn thousand flēets | sweep over thee in vain;
 Mán | marks the eārth | with ràin—his control |
 Stops with the shòre;—upon the watery plain |
 The wrecks | are all thy deed, nor doth remain |
 A shàdow of man's 'ravage, save his òwn,
 When, for a móment, like a drop of ràin,

He sinks into thy depths | with bubbling gróan,
Without a gráve, unknélled, uncóffined, and unknòwn.

3.

The armaments | which thunderstrike the walls |
Of rock-built cities, bidding *nàtions* quáke,
And monarchs | tremble in their cápitals;
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make |
Their clay creator | the vain title take |
Of lord of *thée*, and arbiter of *wár*,—
Thése | are thy *tòys* and, as the snowy *flàke*,
They melt into the yeast of wáves, which mar |
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgàr.

4.

Thy shores are *èmpires*, changed in all save *thée*;—
Assyria, Gréece, Róme, Cárthage, what | are *thèy*?
Thy wáters | washed them power, while they were *frée*,
And many a *tyrant* | *sìnce*; their shores obey |
The stránger, sláve, or sàvage; their decay |
Has dried up réalms to dèserts:—not so | *thòu*,
Unchángeable, save to thy wild waves' pláy,
Time | writes *nó wrinkle* | on thine azure bròw:
Such as *creation's dáwn* | beheld, thou rollest nòw.

5.

Thou *glorious mìrror*, where the Almighty's form |
Glasses itself in tèmpests; in all *tìme*,
Cálm or convulsed,—in bréeze, or gále, or stòrm,
Icing the póle, or in the *tòrrid* clime |
Dark hèaving;—bōundless, èndless, and sublime—
The image of *etèrny* | the throne |
Of the Invisible; even from out thy *sìlme* |
The monsters of the deep | are made; each zone |
Obèys thee: thou goest forth, drèad, fāthomless, *alòne*.

30. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Mass., in 1794. His father, who was a practicing physician, was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and sagacity. At ten years of age the son wrote and declaimed in school a piece in verse.

2. "Thanatopsis," the most remarkable poem ever composed at an early age, was written by Bryant in his eighteenth year. His father showed it to a lady who was qualified to judge of such things, saying simply, "Here are some lines that William has been writing." The lady read the poem, raised her eyes to the father's face, and burst out weeping, in which the father, a somewhat stern and silent man, was not ashamed to join.

3. Bryant studied law, was admitted to the bar, and after practicing for ten years, abandoned the profession for literary and editorial pursuits. He removed to New York city, and for many years was connected with the *Evening Post*. He wrote much in prose, but will be remembered by his poetry alone.

4. His life covers the entire history of true American literature, and he himself was one of its pioneers. He was the poet of the lakes, rivers, forests, mountains, and prairies of his own country. He described what he himself saw, and his emotions were always genuine. Simplicity, clearness, and vigor mark his poetry. His verse will never be forgotten so long as all grand and beautiful objects in nature stir the heart of man.

5. In 1874, on his eightieth birthday, the city of New York presented to him, as a token of appreciation, a beautiful and costly silver vase. Bryant died in New York, in 1878, at the age of eighty-four, and the wish that he had expressed in the beautiful poem "June,"—that he might be buried in that month,—was literally fulfilled.

31. THE WINDS.

1.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the áir,
Softly ye played a few brief hours agò;
Ye bore the murmuring bée; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a *frèsher* glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blùe,
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dèw;
Before you the catalpa's blossom fléw,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snòw.

2.

What *chànge* is this! Ye take the *càtaract's* sound;
Ye take the *whirlpool's* fury and its might;
The mountain *shùdders* as ye sweep the gròund;
The valley *wóods* lie *pròne* beneath your flight;
The clouds before you shoot like *èagles* past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blàst;
Ye lift the roofs like *autumn lèaves*, and càst,
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sìght.

3.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To escape your wràth; ye seize and dash them *dèad*;
Against the earth ye drive the *roaring ràin*;
The harvest field becomes a *river's* bed;
And *tòrrents* tumble from the hills aròund;
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned;
And wailing *vóices*, midst the tempest's sòund,
Ríse, as the rushing waters *swell* and *sprèad*.

4.

Ye dart upon the *dèep*; and straight is heard
A *wílder* roar; and men grow pále, and prày;

Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
 Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
 Sèe! to the breaking mast the *sàilor* clings;
 Ye scoop the *òcean* to its briny springs,
 And take the *mountain billow* on your wings,
 And pile the wreck of *nàvies* round the bay

5.

Why rage ye thùs?—no strife for liberty
 Has made you *mád*; no tyrant, strong through *féar*,
 Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them *frée*,
 And rushed into the unmeasured *átmosphere*;
 For ye were born in *frèedom* where ye blow;
 Free o'er the mighty deep to *cóme* and *gò*;
 Earth's solemn *wòods* were yours, her wastes of *snòw*,
 Her isles where summer blossoms all the *yèar*.

6.

O ye wild winds! a *míghtier* Power than *yóurs*
 In *cháins* upon the shore of *Eùrope* lies;
 The sceptered thróng, whose fetters he *endúres*,
 Watch his mute throes with *tèrror* in their eyes;
 And *arméd wàrrriors* all around him stànd,
 And, as he strúggles, tighten every *bánd*,
 And lift the heavy *spéar*, with threatening *hánd*,
 To *pièrce* the victim, should he strive to rise.

7.

Yet oh! when that wronged Spirit of our race
 Shall bréak, as soon he must, his long-worn *cháins*,
 And leap in freedom from his *príson-place*,
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful *pláins*,
 Let him not *ríse*, like these mad winds of *áir*,
 To waste the loveliness that time could *spáre*,
 To fill the earth with *wóe*, and blot her fair
 Unconscious bréast with blood from *húman véins*.

8.

But may he like the *spring*-time come abroad,
Who crumbles *winter's* gyves with gentle might
When in the genial br  ze, the breath of G  d,
The unsealed *springs* come spouting up to light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his f  et,
The *w  ods*, long d  umb, awake to hymnings sw  et;
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost m  et,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

BRYANT.

82. TO A WATER-FOWL.

1.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2.

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

3.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

4.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At this far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

7.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT.

7

WRITTEN SPELLING.—TROUBLESOME WORDS.

When *ei* or *ie* has the sound of long *e* after *c*, the *e* comes first; in other cases, the *i* comes first.

The *e* comes first.

deceive conceit
deceit receive
conceive receipt

The *i* comes first.

believe belief
reprieve grieve
retrieve grief

Exceptions.—neither, leisure, seize.

33. ADVICE TO BOYS.

1. Upon whatever career you may enter, intellectual quickness, industry, and the power of bearing fatigue are three great advantages. But I want to impress upon you, and through you upon those who will direct your future course, the conviction which I entertain that, as a general rule, the relative importance of these three qualifications is not rightly estimated; and that there are other qualities of no less value which are not directly tested by school competition.

2. A somewhat varied experience of men has led me, the longer I live, to set the less value upon mere cleverness; to attach more and more importance to industry and to physical endurance. Indeed, I am much disposed to think that endurance is the most valuable quality of all; for industry, as the desire to work hard, does not come to much if a feeble frame is unable to respond to the desire.

3. Everybody who has had to make his way in the world must know that while the occasion for intellectual effort of a high order is rare, it constantly happens that a man's future turns upon his being able to stand a sudden and a heavy strain upon his powers of endurance. To a lawyer, a physician, or a merchant, it may be every thing to be able to work sixteen hours a day for as long as is needful, without yielding up to weariness.

4. Moreover, the patience, tenacity, and good humor which are among the most important qualifications for dealing with men, are incompatible with an irritable brain, a weak stomach, or a defective circulation. If any one of you prize-winners were a son of mine, and a good fairy were to offer to equip him according to my wishes for the battle of practical life, I should say,

"I do not care to trouble you for any more cleverness; put in as much industry as you can instead; and, if you please, a broad, deep chest, and a stomach of whose existence he shall never know any thing." I should be well content with the prospects of a fellow so endowed.

5. The other point which I wish to impress upon you is, that competitive examination, useful and excellent as it is for some purposes, is only a very partial test of what the winners will be worth in practical life. There are people who are neither very clever, nor very industrious, nor very strong, and who would probably be nowhere in an examination, and who yet exert a great influence in virtue of what is called force of character.

6. They may not know much, but they take care that what they do know they know well. They may not be very quick, but the knowledge they acquire sticks. They may not even be particularly industrious or enduring, but they are strong of will and firm of purpose, undaunted by fear of responsibility, single-minded and trustworthy.

7. In practical life, a man of this sort is worth any number of merely clever and learned people. Of course I do not mean to imply for a moment that success in examination is incompatible with the possession of character, such as I have just defined it, but failure in examination is no evidence of the want of such character.

8. And this leads me to administer, from my point of view, the crumb of comfort which on these occasions is ordinarily offered to those whose names do not appear upon the prize-list. It is quite true that practical life is a kind of long competitive examination, conducted by that severe pedagogue, Professor Circumstance. But my experience leads me to conclude that his marks are given much more for character than for cleverness.

9. Hence, though I have no doubt that those boys

who have received prizes to-day, have already given rise to a fair hope that the future may see them prominent, perhaps brilliantly distinguished members of society, yet neither do I think it at all unlikely that among the undistinguished crowd there may lie the making of some simple soldier whose practical sense and indomitable courage may save an army led by characterless cleverness to the brink of destruction; or some plain man of business, who, by dint of sheer honesty and firmness, may slowly and surely rise to prosperity and honor, when his more brilliant compeers, for lack of character, have gone down, with all who trusted them, to hopeless ruin.

10. Such things do happen. Hence let none of you be discouraged. Those who have won prizes have made a good beginning; those who have not may yet make that good ending which is better than a good beginning. No life is wasted unless it ends in sloth, dishonesty, or cowardice. No success is worthy of the name unless it is won by honest industry and brave breasting of the waves of fortune.

11. Unless at the end of life some exhalation of the dawn still hangs about the palpable and the familiar; unless there is some transformation of the real into the best dreams of youth, depend upon it, whatever outward success may have gathered round a man, he is but an elaborate and a mischievous failure.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

COMPOSITION. Write an abstract from memory, making use of the following heads:

1. Three great advantages; their relative value.
2. Power of endurance.
3. Competitive examinations only a partial test; illustrations.
4. Professor Circumstance; character and cleverness.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of the following words: incompatible, endowed, competitive, indomitable, transformation, compeers, palpable, elaborate. Write each in a sentence.

34. ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

1.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

2.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

3.

Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

4.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled:

A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits, by starts, 'twas wild.

5.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

6.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder, down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head.

7.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed!
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;

And now it courted Love—now raving, called
on Hate.

8.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
stole:
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

9.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed
queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

10.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best,
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;)
And he amidst his frolic play,—
As if he would the charming air repay,—
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of the following words: **sequestered, pensive, runnels, buskins, Faun, Dryad, satyrs, sylvan, ecstatic.** Write each in a sentence.

35. POETRY.

Assist your pupils in marking this piece for inflection, emphasis, and pauses.

1. Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object.

2. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of

being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe.

3. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can color all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world. A word, a trait, in the representation of a scene or a passion will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced these emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past.

4. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlineations of life, and, veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

SHELLEY.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **evanescent**, **erases**, **participate**, **interpenetration**, **portal**, **ethereal**, **interlineations**, **atom**, **reanimate**. Write each in a sentence.

8

WRITTEN SPELLING.—SYNONYMS.

Write a synonym for each of the following words.

architect	antipathy	basis	aroma
heroic	pathos	monarch	athletic
sarcastic	eulogistic	comic	pedagogue

86. IN FAVOR OF LIBERTY.

Tell the class the historical circumstances which led to the delivery of the speech by Patrick Henry in the Virginia House of Burgesses.

Under your direction, let the class mark this speech for emphasis, inflection, and pauses.

1. Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

3. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements

of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

4. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

5. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

6. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

7. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we

have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

8. They tell us, sir, we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

9. Sir, we are *not* weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

10. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and, let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

11. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, "Peace, peace;" but there is *no* peace. The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field!

Why stand we here idle? What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

37. THE CONSTITUTION AND UNION.

Mark this extract for inflection and emphasis, and then require the boys of the class to memorize it for declamation.

1. For myself, I propose, sir, to abide by the principles and the purposes which I have avowed. I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it. I shall do justice to the whole country, according to the best of my ability, in all I say, and act for the good of the whole country in all I do. I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country.

2. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this, with the absolute disregard of personal consequences.

3. What *are* personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will. I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country.

WEBSTER.

VII. VOCAL TRAINING.—PRONUNCIATION.

Good pronunciation depends largely on the fullness and purity with which the vowel sounds are given. The marked provincialisms in our country, consist chiefly in the peculiar shades of sound given to certain vowels. The school is the proper place for training pupils to correct the faults of home or society pronunciation.

It is the object of the following drill exercises to train the ear to the correct sound; the voice to correct enunciation; and the eye, to the meaning and use of the diacritical marks in the dictionary.

I. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

I. Italian a, as in äre.

In the following words give a its full, open, Italian sound. The teacher should first pronounce each word, and require the class to repeat, in concert, after him.

cälf	psälm	häunt	guä'va
hälf	sälve	gäunt	guä'no
läugh	wräth	fläunt	läun'dry
bäth	läth	jäunt	plä'za
päth	äunt	täunt	säun'ter
pälm	däunt	läunch	jäun'dice

II. Intermediate a, as in äsk.

äsk	chänt	cläss	läst	äft'er
bäsk	chänce	gläss	cäst	bäs'ket
täsk	dänce	gräss	äft	cäsk'et
fläsk	glänce	mäss	dräft	mäs'ter
mäsk	länce	päss	gäsp	a läs'
änt	tränce	päst	räsp	com mänd'

III. Sound of a, as in hăt.

băde	ăn'swer	păt'ent	ră'tion al
plăid	hăr'rōw	răth'er	răil'le ry
cătch	măr'ry	nă'tion al	păt'ron age
lătch	păt'tern	lăn'dau	grăt'i tude

IV. Sound of a, as in căre.

âir	thêre	pâr'ent	scârce'ly
beâr	whêre	fâir'y	scâr'ci ty
hâir	squâre	châr'y	pâr'ent age
dâre	snâre	râre'ly	be wâre'

V. Short i in unaccented syllables.

dôç'le	fēr'tile	süb'tile	fēm'i nîne
düe'tile	hôs'tile	stēr'le	gên'ū ine
ên'gine	săn'guine	jū'ven ile	hēr'o ine
fū'tile	lîe'o rîce	mêeh'an îst	nū'tri tîve

VI. Sound of o, as in fōrd.

bōne	cōlt	mōst	ōn'ly
bōth	fōlks	spōke	ō'ral
chōke	hōme	wōn't	whōl'ly
bōat	rōad	pōrch	mōurn
cōat	dōor	sōurce	thrōat
tōast	pōur	hōarse	brōoch

VII. Sound of o, as in cōt.

dōg	cōst	dōn'key	prōd'ūce	phōn'ic
gōd	lōst	fōre'head	prōd'uct	cōf'fee
gōt	lōng	ōr'ange	prōc'ess	prōg'ress

VIII. Sound of oo, as in bōon.

hōof	spōon	dō	yōu	rōute	hōop
rōof	schōol	tō	yōur	wōund	grōup
rōot	sōon	tōō	yōurs	trūth	grew
bōot	nōon	twō	tōur	rūle	through
brute	fruit	rūde	trūe	rū'ral	trū'ly

IX. Sound of u, as in pūre.

mūse	dūe	hew	jūice	lūre	dū'ty
tūbe	dew	new	slūice	ewe	beau'ty
tūne	hūe	view	jūte	lūte	mū'sic
hūge	cūe	mew	dūke	eūbe	bū'gle
mūle	dūpe	flew	mū'ral	dū'el	eū'bit

X. Miscellaneous.

Be careful to distinguish the difference between the pronunciation of each pair of words.

lāw	lōre	gnāw	nōr	āh !	āre
āwe	ōre	eāw	cōre	āwe	ōr
pāw	pōre	rāw	rōar	eōrse	eōurse
sāuče	sōurče	dūe	dō	yōre	yōur
sāw	sōre	few	twō	pōur	pōor

II. VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

I. Final ar, er, ir, or, ur, and yr.

The vowels a, e, i, o, u, and y, followed by r, in unaccented final syllables, have the sound of er as in her, slightly obscured.

bēg'gar	bān'ner	ār'mor	sūl'phur
dōl'lar	mān'ner	eōl'or	zēph'yr
pō'lar	tā'pir	mūr'mur	mār'tyr
çēl'lar	nā'dir	fē'mur	eow'ard

II. Unaccented a verging to short e.

In words like the following, -age and -ate = ej and et.

dām'age	till'age	sēn'ate	af fēe'tion ate
lūg'gage	vīl'lage	āg'ate	il līt'er ate

III. Short a unaccented.

In the first syllable of words like the following, a has the sound of short a, or a as in ask, verging to short u, sometimes called obscure a.

a bóve'	a gain'	a rīse'	ma çhīne'
a bout'	a lās'	a bound'	ma rīne'

IV. Sound of a verging to short u.

In words like the following, the sound of short u, as in up, is slightly observed.

fī'nal	bāl'ançe	sērv'ant	ěx'tra
lē'gal	ôr'phan	fīre'man	bāl'sam

V. Words having e and o silent before h and l.

There is a large class of words like the following, that have e or o silent before n or l, as: heaven = heavn, reckon = reckn.

būt'ton	ē'vil	kīt'ten	ōft'en
bēa'eon	ēa'şel	lēs'son	rāl'sin

Require each pupil to bring into the class a list of ten additional words.

VI. Sound of unaccented u.

In words of two syllables, the suffix -ure is sounded like -yer, or yoor, as: creat'ure = creat'yer, or creat'yoor.

erēat'ure	vērd'ure	fēat'ure	mēaş'ure
eült'ure	pāst'ure	strūet'ure	plēaş'ure



38. JOHN MILTON.

1. John Milton was born in London in 1608, and died in 1674. His father gave him a special preparation for a literary career. After graduating at the University of Cambridge, he took up his residence in his father's country seat, where he lived five years, devoting his time most assiduously to classical literature, making the well-known remark, that he "cared not how late he came into life, only that he came fit."

2. At this time he wrote "Il Penseroso," and "L'Allegro." At the age of twenty-one he wrote his grand poem, "Christ's Nativity."

3. After the restoration of Charles the Second, he led a secluded life, occupied in the composition of

"Paradise Lost," believing that he might "leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die." The first edition was sold by him for five pounds.

4. The subject of this poem is so grand and awful,—the action moving among celestial and infernal personages and scenes,—that the mind is fatigued with the effort to accompany the poet in his sublime flights; and it is only a reader familiar with classical and biblical literature that can fully appreciate the poet's allusions.

5. Yet every one perhaps can feel the grandeur of his comparisons and the beauty of such passages as "The Morning Hymn," "Evening in Paradise," and "Eve's Lament on Leaving Paradise."

39. INVOCATION OF MIRTH [L'ALLEGRO].

This poem should be read with joyous animation and quick, lively movement.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,

In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull Night
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine,
 While the plowman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 While the landscape round it measures—
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebees sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checkered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail.

JOHN MILTON.

DEFINITIONS.

He'be, the goddess of youth.
 quip, a smart, sarcastic turn.

"tells his tale," counts his flock.
 re'bec, a peculiar kind of violin.

DEFINING REVIEW. Let the pupils choose sides. Dictate words from all previous defining and dictionary lessons in Part II.

40. MORNING HYMN.

Mark this ^{}extract for rhetorical pauses.*

These are *thy glorious works*, Parent of good,
 Almighty! *Thine* this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; *thyself* how wondrous then,
Unspèakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
 To us invisable, or dimly seen
 In these *thy lowest works*; yet *these* declare
 Thy *goodness* beyond thought, and power divine.
Spèak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye *behold* him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in *Heaven*,
 On *earth*, join *all* ye creatures to extol
 Him *first*, him *last*, him *midst*, and without end.
 Fairest of *stars*, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, *praise him* in thy sphere,
 While *day* arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou *sun*, of this great world both *eye* and *soul*,
 Acknowledge him thy *greater*, sound his praise
 In thy *eternal course*, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high *noon* hast gained, and when thou *fall'st*.
Moon, that now meet'st the *orient sun*, now flit'st,
 With the *fixed stars*, fixed in their orb that flies;
 And ye five *other* wand'ring fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of *darkness* called up *light*.
Air, and ye *elements*, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
 And nourish *all* things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great *Maker* still *new praise*.

His praise, ye *winds*, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe *soft* or *loud*; and wave your tops, ye *pinés*,
With every plant, in sign of *worship*, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, *tune his pràise*.
Join voices all, ye living *sòuls*; ye *birds*,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your *wings*, and in your *nótes his pràise*.

FROM MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **symphonies, extol, orient, quaternion, perpetual, multiform.**

41. BOOKS.

1. It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

2. No matter how poor I am,—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling,—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof,—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

CHANNING.

42. THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

1. The kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but, I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope! The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket uttered a chirp.

2. Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that I wouldn't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me. But this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the kettle began it, at least five minutes before the cricket gave any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

3. Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so, in my very first word, but for this plain consideration—if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how is it possible to begin at the beginning, without beginning at the kettle? It appears as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

4. Mrs. Peerybingle, going out into the raw twilight, and clicking over the wet stones in a pair of pattens that worked innumerable rough impressions of the first proposition in Euclid all about the yard—Mrs. Peerybingle filled the kettle at the water-butt. Presently returning, less the pattens (and a good deal less, for they were tall and Mrs. Peerybingle was but short), she set the kettle on the fire.

5. In doing which she lost her temper, or mislaid it

for an instant; for, the water being uncomfortably cold, and in that slippery, slushy, sleety sort of state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, patten-rings included—had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her. Besides, the kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It would n't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it would n't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire.

6. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the Royal George has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle, before she got it up again. It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me."

7. Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it had n't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

8. And here, if you like, the cricket *did chime* in with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup, of such magnitude, by

way of chorus; with a voice, so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle, (size! you couldn't see it!) that if it had, then and there, burst itself like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

9. There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last, they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with any thing like certainty.

10. But, of this, there is no doubt: that the kettle and the cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent, each, his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

USING WORDS. Use each of these words in a sentence of your own: **patten-rings**, **moroseness**, **hilarious**, **water-butt**, **jumbled**, **amalgamation**.

43. BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cassius. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cassius. *I an itching palm!*
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cassius. *Chastisement!*

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?—What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me,—
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to! you're not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is't possible!

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Brutus. *All this!* ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break.

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth; yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me; every way you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say, better?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not!

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What! Durst not tempt him?

Brutus. For your life, you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am armed so strong in honesty, That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;— For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection.—I did send To you for gold to pay my legions; Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts; Dash him to pieces!

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not;—he was but a fool That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;

For Cassius is a-weary of the world—

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood, ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus!

Brutus. What's the matter?

Cassius. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*.

44. ASTROLOGY.

1. The stars were formerly believed to govern the fate of a person in life. The temper was said to be good or bad; the nature, grave or gay, according to the planet that was in the ascendant, as it was called, at a person's birth. We still speak of a *disaster*, which means, literally, the stroke or blast of an unlucky star. We call an unlucky person "ill-starred."

2. Grave and gloomy people are called *saturnine*; because those born under the planet Saturn were said to be so disposed. Merry people are called *jovial*, which literally means, born under the planet Jupiter, or Jove.

3. Active and sprightly people are called *mercurial*, that is, born under the planet Mercury. Mad people are called *lunatics*, that is, those who are born under the influence of the Moon. It was formerly believed that the actions of the insane were influenced by the changes of the moon. The sun, moon, and stars were all thought to be fixed to the great *heaven*, because it seemed to be a great arch *heaved up* over the flat earth.

4. Astrologers were persons that pretended to tell fortunes by observing the condition of the heavens. Educated people no longer believe these absurd superstitions, but many illiterate persons are still imposed on by astrologers and fortune-tellers.

Adapted from CLODD.



45. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, in 1803, and died in Concord, Mass., in 1882. For five years after leaving Harvard College he assisted an elder brother in teaching a school for girls, but the occupation was distasteful. He then studied divinity and became the pastor of a church in Boston.

2. In a few years he resigned the position, and, after traveling in Europe, retired to the quiet village of Concord, whence he went forth to lecture in different parts of the land. No other man has rendered such continuous service in this field.

3. His writings stir the mind and awaken in it a desire to act the manly part and to put forth all its

energies. Many have acknowledged their obligations to him; among them such men as Carlyle, Tyndall, and Lowell. Emerson was a *thinker*, and he has told us to look out when that rare personage appears. Truth was the sole object of his search; his maxim was that every man must think his own thoughts, and avow them calmly and fearlessly.

4. His style, at first involved and obscure, became of late years clear, vigorous, and packed full of meaning. He had the poet's imagination and love of the beautiful, and graces of style that are not surpassed by any other English essayist. He had also a clear common sense and native shrewdness that entitle him to the name of the "Yankee Plato."

5. There were in Emerson's face and manner a mingled sweetness, grace, gravity, and simplicity which cannot be portrayed. He was loved and revered by all who knew him.

6. A. Bronson Alcott thus speaks of Emerson: "Poet and moralist, Emerson has beauty and truth for all men's edification and delight. His works are studies. And any youth of free senses and fresh affections shall be spared years of tedious toil,—in which wisdom and fair learning are, for the most part, held at arm's length, planet's width, from his grasp,—by graduating from this college..

7. "His books are surcharged with vigorous thoughts, a sprightly wit. They abound in strong sense, happy humor, keen criticisms, subtle insights, noble morals, clothed in a chaste and manly diction, fresh with the breath of health and progress.

8. "We characterize and class him with the moralists who surprise us with an accidental wisdom, strokes of wit, felicities of phrase—as Plutarch, Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Saadi, Montaigne, Bacon, Selden, Sir Thomas Browne, Cowley, Coleridge, Goethe."

46. BEHAVIOR.

This extract affords an example of unimpassioned, thoughtful essay-reading.

1. The power of manners is incessant,—an element as inconcealable as fire. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force, that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius.

2. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they may learn address, and see it near at hand. * * *

3. A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior.

4. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage, that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his center, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it.

5. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes; and eyes full of fate,—some of good and some of sinister omen.

6. I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and, in memorable experiences, they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty. They must always show self-control: you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. Then they must be inspired by the good heart.

7. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

8. There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have a headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape.

VIII. VOCAL TRAINING.

I. ARTICULATION.

Distinct articulation is essential to good pronunciation. The best way of training the organs of articulation is by means of forcible phonic spelling, first in concert, and, afterwards, individually. In the following exercises, first pronounce each word clearly and forcibly, then spell it by sound, and pronounce it again. Teachers not familiar with phonic spelling can restrict the exercises to forcible pronunciation.

I. EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

br	brōom, brūte, breathe, brēad, brown.
rb	ôrb, hērb, eûrb, vērb, distûrb, bārb.
dr	drēad, dried, drīnk, drown, drought.
rd	hārd, bārd, eārd, gūard, wārd, lôrd.
rdz	eārdz, hērdz, eôrdz, lôrdz, bôardz.
rz	bārz, stārz, eārz, beārz, eārez, stāirz.
rt	ārt, heārt, pārt, dīrt, pērt, eûrt.
spr	sprīng, sprāng, sprūng, sprīte, sprāy.
skw	squīnt, squāre, squāb, squash, squad.
sks	āskz, tāskz, bāskz, cāskz, hūskz, tūskz.
skt	āsked, tāsked, bāsked, hūsked, rīsked.
sps	gāspz, clāspz, rāspz, hāspz, grāspz.
spt	gāsped, clāsped, rāsped, hāsped, grāsped.
sts	māstz, fāstz, cāstz, nēstz, vēstz, wrīstz.
thr	thrāsh, thrive, thrīll, through, throāt.
lm	ēlm, ēlmz, hēlm, hēlmz, fīlm, fīlmz.
zm	ehāsm, ehāsmz, prīsm, prīsmz.
wh	whēre, whēat, whēn, whīch, whāt, wheel.
dn	lāden, sādđen, glādden, būrden, hārden.
kn	heārken, tāken, wāken, wēaken, liken.
pn	ōpen, hāppen, wēapon, chēapen, deepen.
vn	hēaven, sēven, elēven, ōven, gīven.

II. ORTHOEPIY.

I. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED

[By giving the wrong vowel sound].

First, require the class to pronounce in concert; then allow each pupil in turn to pronounce one or more words.

ăp pa rā'tus	fī nă'le	mă'tron	pōr'trait
ăn'swer	fŭl'some	măn'gy	prē'face
as pir'ant	găunt	măy'or	prē'late
băde	gĕn'ū ĩne	măs'ter	răth'er
băth	glă'mour	măss'ive	ră'tion al
eă'ret	groat	măr'ry	răil'ler y
eōf'fee	gĕt	mōn'ad	sălve
dăunt	glăss	mĕas'ŭre	sau'ce
dōç'ĭle	hĕr'o ĩne	mĭ nŭte'	sau'cer
dŭ'ty	hănd'some	mĕt'ric	sau'sage
dĭ rĕct'	ho rĭ'zon	mo răle'	seărce
dĭ gĕst'	hōs'tile	nōne	seărce'ly
dĭ vĕrge'	hōv'er	nŭde	sau'cy
dĭ vĕrse'	heĩn'ous	nă'ked	stănch
dĭ vŭlge'	jăunt	ōn'ly	stăff
dĭ gĕst'ion	jōe'und	ō'ral	sŭp'ple
dĭ rĕct'ion	jōwl	ōn'er ous	sŭ'et
ĕn'gĭne	jŭ'gu lar	păst	tăunt
en grōss'	jŭ'ven ĩle	păs'tor	tōur
ĕp'oeh	kĕt'tle	o bĕs'i ty	tŭbe
ex tōl'	lăunch	pă'tron	tŭ'tor
ĕre	lĕĩ'sure	prăĩ'rie	tŭne
fĕt id	lĩ'en	păt'ent	true
fōr'ger	lĩ'lae	păt'ron age	trŭ'ly
fōre'head	lĕath'er	plĕas'ure	vō'ea ble
făĩr'y	lĩve'lōng	prōd'uet	view [vŭ]
for băde'	lăun'dry	prōd'ŭce	whōle
flăunt	lăunch	prōç'ess	wĩthe
făst'er	lăthş	pĩ ä'nist	yĕs
făst'en	lăst	pĩ ä'no	yĕt

II. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED

[By accenting the wrong syllable].

ă're ă	de ri'sive	lěg'is lă tîve
ă dŭlt'	děs'ul to ry	lěg'is lă tŭre
ă dĕpt'	dĭ plō'ma ɕy	lŷ ɕĕ'um
ad drĕss'	dŏl'or ous	lĭ thŏg'ra pher
ăd'verse	dem o nĭ'a eal	mĭs'chiev oŭs
ab dŏ'men	ĕx'tant	mis cŏn'strŭe
bĕn'zĭne	ĕx'or cise	mu ɕĕ'um
bĕst'ial	ĕx'qui ɕite	ŏr'năte
ea nine'	fĭ nĕsse'	ŏr'tho e py
eon tŏur'	frăg'ment a ry	pĕr'emp to ry
eăy ĕnne'	frŏn'tiĕr	pre ɕĕd'enɕe
eŏm'bat ant	grĭ măɕe'	preɕ'e dent (n.)
eŏm'mu nĭst	hăr'ass	pre ɕĕd'ent (adj.)
eŏm'pa ra ble	hŷ'gi ĕne	pre tĕnse'
eŏm'pro miɕe	hŷ men ē'al	re ɕĕss'
eŏm'plai ɕănɕe	i dĕ'ă	re trĭb'ŭ tĭve
eŏn'tu me ly	il lŭs'trăte	ro mănɕe'
eŏn'strŭe	ĭm'pi oŭs	rou tĭne'
eŏn'vex	in eŏm'pa ra ble	so nŏ'rouŝ
eŏr'net	in dĭs'pu ta ble	sub sĭd'enɕe
eŏn'ver sant	in ĕx'pli ea ble	te lĕg'ra phy
eon trĭb'ŭte	ir rĕp'a ra ble	tĭ răde'
eon dŏ'lence	ĭn'ter ĕst ing	vă'ri e găte
de eŏ'rouŝ	ir rĕv'o ea ble	vă'ri o loid
dĕf'i ɕĭt	lăm'ent a ble	vĕ'he ment

III. PRONUNCIATION.

If pupils do not know how to accent these words correctly, tell them to consult the dictionary.

incomprehensibility	supererogation	interlocutor
disadvantageously	genealogical	idiosyncrasy
monocotyledonous	extraordinary	despicable
demoralization	unintelligible	suicidal



47. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

1.

The cúrfew | tolls the knell | of parting dáy,
 The lowing héd | winds slowly | o'er the là,
 The plówman | homeward | plods his weary wáy,
 And leaves the world | to darkness | and to mè.

2.

Now fades | the glimmering lándscape on the sìght,
 And all the áir | a solemn *stillness* | holds,
 Save where the béetle | wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tínklings | lull the distant fòlds;

3.

Save | that from yonder | ivy-mantled tówer,
The moping owl | does to the moon | compláin |
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bówer,
Molest her ancient solitary rèign.

4.

Beneath those rugged élms, that yew-tree's sháde,
Where heaves the turf | in many a moldering héap,
Each | in his narrow cell | forever láid,
The rude forefathers | of the hámlet | sleep.

5.

The breezy cáll | of incense-breathing mórn,
The swállow | twittering | from the straw-built shéd,
The cock's shrill clárlon, or the echoing hórñ,
No more | shall rouse them | from their lowly bèd.

6.

For them | no more the blazing héarth | shall burn,
Or busy hóusewife | ply her evening càre;
No children | run | to lisp their sire's retúrñ,
Or climb his knées | the envied kíss | to share.

7.

Oft did the hárvest | to their sickle | yield,
Their fúrrów | oft | the stubborn glèbe | has broke;
How jocund | did they drive their team a-fièld!
How bowed | the wóods | beneath their sturdy stròke!

8.

Let not Ambítion | mock their useful tóil,
Their homely jóys, and destiny | obsçúre;
Nor Gràndeúr | hear | with a disdainful smíle |
The short | and simple annals | of the pòor.

9.

The boast of héraldry, the pomp of pówér,
And all that beauty, all that wealth | e'er gáve,
Awaits | alike | the inevitable hòur.
The paths of glóry | lead | but to the gràve.

10.

Nor yóu, ye próud, impute to these the fáult,
If Memory | o'er their tomb | no tróphies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle | and fretted váult,
The pealing ánthem | swells the note | of praise.

11.

Can storied úrn or animated búst
Back to its mansion | call the fleeting bréath?
Can Hónor's voice | provoke the silent dúst,
Or Fláattery soothe | the dull, cold ear | of Déath?

12.

Perhaps in this neglected spot | is laid |
Some héart | once pregnant | with celestial fire;
Hands | that the rod of èmpire | might have swàyed,
Or waked to éctasy | the living lyre:

13.

But Knowledge | to their eyes | her ample páge,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Pénury | repressed their noble ráge,
And froze the genial current | of the sòul.

14.

Full many a gem | of purest ray serene |
The dark unfathomed caves of òcean | bear;
Full many a flower | is born to blush unseén,
And waste | its sweetness | on the desert àir.

15.

Some village *Hampden* that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant | of his fields | withstood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* | here may rest,
Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his country's blood.

16.

The applause | of listening senates | to command,
The threats | of pain and ruin | to despise,
To scatter plenty | o'er a smiling land,
And read their history | in a nation's eyes,

17.

Their lot | forbade; nor circumscribed | alone |
Their growing *virtues*, but their *crimes* | confined;—
Forbade to wade | through slaughter | to a throne,
And shut the gates | of mercy | on mankind,

18.

The struggling pangs | of conscious truth | to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride |
With incense | kindled at the Muse's flame.

19.

Far from the madding crowd's | ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes | never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale | of life |
They kept the noiseless tenor | of their way.

20.

Yet even these bones, | from insult | to protect,
Some frail memorial | still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes | and shapeless sculpture | decked,
Implores the passing tribute | of a sigh.

21.

Their náme, their yéars, spelt by the unlettered Múse,
The place of fáme | and élegy | supply;
And many a holy text | around she stréws,
That teach the rustic moralist | to díe.

22.

For whó, to dumb forgetfulness | a préy,
This pleasing, anxious béing | e'er resigned,
Left the warm précincts | of the cheerful dáy,
Nor cast | one lónging, lingering loók | behind?

23.

On some fond breást | the parting sóul | relles,
Some pious dróps | the closing eye | requires;
E'en from the tómb | the voice of Nature | cries,
E'en in our áshes | live | their wonted fires.

24.

For thée, whó, mindful of the unhonored déad,
Dost | in these línes | their artless tale | reláte,
If chance, by lonely contemplation léd,
Some kindred spírit | shall inquire thy fáte,

25.

Háply | some hoary-headed swain | may sáy,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dàwn,
Brushing with hasty steps | the dews away,
To meet the sun | upon the upland làwn.

26.

"There, at the foot | of yonder nodding béech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so hígh,
His listless length | at noontide | would he strétch,
And pore upon the brook | that babbles by.

27.

"Hard by yon wóod, now smiling | as in scórn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would róve;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlórn,
 Or crazed with cáre, or crossed in hopeless lòve.

28.

"One morn | I missed him | on the 'customed híll,
 Along the héath, and near his favorite trée;
Anòther | came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the láwn, nor at the wòod | was he;

29.

"The néxt, with dirges dúe, in sad arráy,
 Slow | through the church-way path | we saw him
 bòrne.
 Approach and réad | (for *thou* canst réad) | the láy |
 Graved on the stóne | beneath yon áged thòrn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his héad | upon the lap of éarth
 A yóuth | to Fórtune | and to Fáme unknowñ;
 Fair Scéience | frowned not | on his humble bírth,
 And Mélancholy | marked him | for her òwn.

31.

Large | was his bóunty, and his soul | sincère,
 Héaven | did a récompense | as largely sènd;
 He gave to Mísery all he hád, a tèar;
 He gained from Héaven ('t was all he wished) a friènd.

32.

No farther seek | his *mérìts* | to disclóse,
 Or draw his *fràilties* | from their dread abóde,
 (There | they alike | in trembling hópe | repose,)
 The bosom | of his Fáther | and his Gòd.

THOMAS GRAY.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **curfew**, **lea**, **glebe**, **clarion**, **jocund**, **trophies**, **circumscribed**, **ingenuous**, **ignoble**, **bust**, **sequestered**, **tenor**, **elegy**, **precincts**, and use each word in a sentence of your own.

I. EXERCISES.

1. Take the third line in the first stanza and make all the transpositions you can.
2. Arrange the fourth stanza in the order of prose.
3. Stanzas 16 and 17. "Their lot forbade [them] to command the applause of listening senates," etc.
4. Stanza 19. *Far* is an adjective modifying *they* understood.
5. Stanzas 24 and 25. "Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say for thee who dost relate," etc.
6. Stanza 30. Put the first two lines in prose order.

II. READING-ANALYSIS.

1. RHETORICAL PAUSES. Stanza 1. Pause after "*curfew*." (See Part I., Rule I, p. 85): After *knell*, before the adjective phrase, *of parting day* (Rule III): After *herd* (Rule I): After *slowly*, before the adverbial phrase, *o'er the lea*; before and after *homeward* (Rule II): After *world*, before the phrase, *to darkness*, after *darkness*, before the conjunction *and*.

In a similar manner require pupils to give the reasons for rhetorical pauses in the five succeeding stanzas.

2. INFLECTION. Stanza 1. Falling inflection on *day*, and on *lea* (Rule V., p. 61, Part I.): rising inflection on *way*, preparatory to the cadence in the last line.

Questions. 1. Why the rising inflection at the end of the 16th stanza? 2. Why the falling inflection at the end of the 22d stanza? 3. Why the rising inflection at the end of the 24th stanza?

3. STRESS. The prevailing stress of this poem is the *median*.

4. MOVEMENT. The movement is, in general, slow,—in keeping with the grave and reflective character of the thought.

III. CLASS READING.

1. After the preceding analysis, read the poem, line by line, requiring the class to repeat in concert after you.

2. Require each pupil to go upon the platform and read one stanza, subject to criticism by the teacher. Insist upon it that pupils, when reading on the platform, shall raise their eyes from the book and look at the class while repeating the last half of each line.

3. Require the pupils to memorize the poem, and require each pupil to recite one stanza upon the platform.

48. THE ASTRONOMER'S VISION.

Question the class about the pitch, force, stress, and movement, which should prevail in the reading of this piece.

1. God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, "Come thou hither and see the glory of my house." And to the servants that stood around his throne he said, "Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils: only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles."

2. It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes, with the solemn flight of angel wing, they fled through infinite realms of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers, that were quickening under prophetic motions from God.

3. Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace, the light swept to *them*, *they*, by unutterable pace, to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them: in a moment the blazing of suns was around them.

4. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose at altitude by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without

measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates.

5. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below; above was below—below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body: depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose—that systems more mysterious, that worlds, more billowy,—other heights and other depths,—were coming, were nearing, were at hand.

6. Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears, and he said, "Angel, I will go no farther. For the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave and hide me from the persecution of the infinite; for end, I see, there is none."

7. And from all the listening stars that shone around, issued a choral voice—"The man speaks truly: end there is none, that ever yet we heard of." "End is there none?" the angel solemnly demanded; "Is there indeed no end?—and is this the sorrow that kills you?" But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, "End is there none to the universe of God. Lo! also there is no beginning."

Paraphrased from the German by PROFESSOR O. M. MITCHELL.

USING WORDS. Write each of the following words in a sentence of your own: **planets, architraves, altitude, archways.**

WRITTEN SPELLING.—SYNONYMS.

diurnal	collect	purchase	garments
annual	commence	construct	senior
paternal	fraternal	decapitate	junior

49. IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENCE.

[This extract is taken from Webster's *Eulogy on John Adams*. No report was made of Adams's speech in favor of the Declaration of Independence, in the Continental Congress, but Webster in his oration, supposes him to have made this speech.]

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, she has, for our good, obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

2. Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague, near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

3. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament,—Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

4. I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to

adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know that there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

5. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

6. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

7. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry them—

selves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

8. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

9. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

10. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see—I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

11. But whatever may be our fate, be assured—be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

12. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment,—independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

USING WORDS. Write each of the following words, in a sentence of your own: **colleague, stake, copious, proscribed, predestined, compensate, exultation, rebellious, uncertainty, immunities, rue, restoration, resistance, scabbard, colonies.**

10

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISPELLED.

Study this lesson by copying it on your slate, at your desk. Refer to the dictionary for definitions or pronunciation.

perceive	conceive	retrieve	exceed
achieve	relieve	deceive	impede
receive	secede	precede	receipt
believe	succeed	proceed	replete

50. FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

[King James, of Scotland, disguised as a knight, while wandering in the Highlands, encounters the Scottish Chieftain, Roderick Dhu. Neither warrior, however, is known to the other. The opening extract describes the meeting.]

With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag, and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.
Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer:
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,

Who say thou camest a secret spy!"
"They do, by heaven!—come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then, by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

[The next morning, Roderick undertakes to guide his guest as far as Collantogle ford. On the way James expresses an ardent wish to meet this unknown chief in personal combat. His guide blows a whistle, when five hundred men start out from the broom and bracken which cover the hill-sides, and the host of the night before announces to his guest that he, himself, is Roderick Dhu. The following extract opens with Fitz-James's defiance.]

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare;
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
Down sank the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth

Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide:
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.
Fitz-James looked round,—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
“Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—
But, doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”
The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks.
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
“Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vieh-Alpine has discharged his trust.

This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand:
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."
The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me."
Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—

My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not, doubt not, which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While, less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.

Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage with steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.
"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."—
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat that guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain!—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!

But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;—
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SCOTT.

51. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Mark this piece for inflection and emphasis, and then require pupils to memorize at least the first stanza.

1. When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
2. Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on

(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet),
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

3. Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.
4. Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

DRAKE

DICTIONARY LESSON. Define the following words: **azure, baldrick, cowering, careering, welkin.** Write each in a sentence.

52. THE CONSTITUTION.

Let pupils read this piece, and, under your direction, mark it for emphasis, inflection, and pauses. Then assign it to the boys of the class to be learned by heart for declamation.

1. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come

2. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these States together. They live and stand under a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever.

3. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize on a mighty scale the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the bucklers of Achilles —

"Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round.
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

53. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

1. Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men!

2. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron-groves of Cyrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

3. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

4. To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body and burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

5. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze life-blood lies curdled!

6. Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark!

hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

7. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters,—in noble, honorable battle!

KELLOGG.

54. FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

1. Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.
2. What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

3. Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.
4. A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that;
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.
5. Then let us pray, that come it may,—
 As come it will, for a' that,—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 When man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

ROBERT BURNS.

NOTE.—This fine sentence, by Prof. Wilson, characterizes the genius of the preceding piece. "The poor man," he says, "as he speaks of Robert Burns, always holds up his head and regards you with an elated look."

DEFINITIONS.

gowd, gold.
 hamely, homely.
 hodden-gray, coarse woolen cloth.
 gie, give.
 birkie, conceited fellow.
 fa', try.

wha, who.
 coof, blockhead.
 aboon, above.
 guid, good.
 maunna, must not.
 bear the gree, be decidedly victor.

55. TRIBUTE TO ROBERT BURNS.

[ABRIDGED.]

1. Wild *heather*-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland *flower* and *pèasant*!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and *plèasant*!
2. I call to mind the *summer*-day,
The early *hàrvest*-mowing,
The sky with sun and cloud at play,
And flowers with *brèezes* blowing.
3. How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the *màple's* shadow,
And sang with *Burns* the hours away,
Forgetful of the *mèadow*.
4. Not *his* the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal *échoes* render—
The mournful *Tùscan's* haunted rhyme,
And *Milton's* starry *splèndor*!
5. But who his human heart has laid
To nature's bosom *nèarer*?
Who sweetened toil like *him*, or paid
To love a tribute *dèarer*?
6. Through all his tuneful art how strong
The *human fèeling* gushes!
The very *móonlight* of his song
Is warm with smiles and blúshes!
7. Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Dòn" but tarry!
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his "Highland Màry!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



56. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1. James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. His mother was a woman of remarkable mind, possessing in an eminent degree the power of acquiring languages. He graduated at Harvard College, studied law, was admitted to the bar, but never practiced.

2. In 1855, upon the resignation of the poet Longfellow, he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. In 1877, he was sent as Minister to Spain, and afterwards represented the United States in Great Britain.

3. He has published several volumes of poetry and prose. His essays upon the British Poets gained him a high place among critics. His "Biglow Papers" display

rich humor, incisive wit, and shrewd common sense,—and there are in them jets of song indicative of the highest poetical quality.

4. Nature has been most liberal of gifts to Lowell. He combines wit, humor, tenderness, pathos, vigor, fire, love of nature, and rich powers of imagination. He is always truthful, hearty, and manly, and his wonderfully versatile powers have been used in the cause of truth and humanity.

5. Read "The Wind Harp," "Father Ambrose," "The Fatherland," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Commemoration Ode."

57. THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

1. The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
2. Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
3. From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.
4. I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

5. I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.
6. Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.
7. Again I looked at the snow-fall
And thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.
8. I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

LOWELL.

58. OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Let the class read this piece in concert after the teacher. Then require the girls of the class to memorize it for recitation.

1. Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower;
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from the maiden bower.
2. Clouds there are none in the fair summer sky;
Sunshine flings benison down from on high;
Children sing loud, as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

3. Knell out drearily,
 Measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray;
 Priests chanting lowly;
 Solemnly, slowly
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day.
4. Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall,
Dripping all over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folks as the train moves along,
"Blessed the dead that the rain raineth on."
5. Toll at the hour of prime,
 Matin, and vesper chime;
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
 Rolling, like holy waves,
 Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.
6. Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.
7. Peal out evermore—
 Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day;
 In sunshine and gladness,
 Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have passed away.
8. Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that death ever leadeth to life;
Life is our labor, and death is our rest,
If happy the living, the dead are the blest.

59. CRUSADER AND SARACEN.

[This extract is taken from Walter Scott's novel *The Talisman*. Richard Cœur de Lion is the Christian knight, and Saladin is the Saracen warrior.]

1. The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

2. Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendor, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain.

3. The dress of the rider, and the accouterments of his horse, were peculiarly unfit for the traveler in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was, also, his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets.

4. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The Knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting

on his stirrup, the long, steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncel, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbersome equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer.

5. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbersome cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they were come to war.

6. The accouterments of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel ax, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddle-bow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

7. As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and ad-

vanced towards the Knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, proved to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half-elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

8. The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

9. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight,

and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached toward the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

10. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared.

11. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him.

12. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered

the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

13. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach. Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

14. "There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of

communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

15. The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

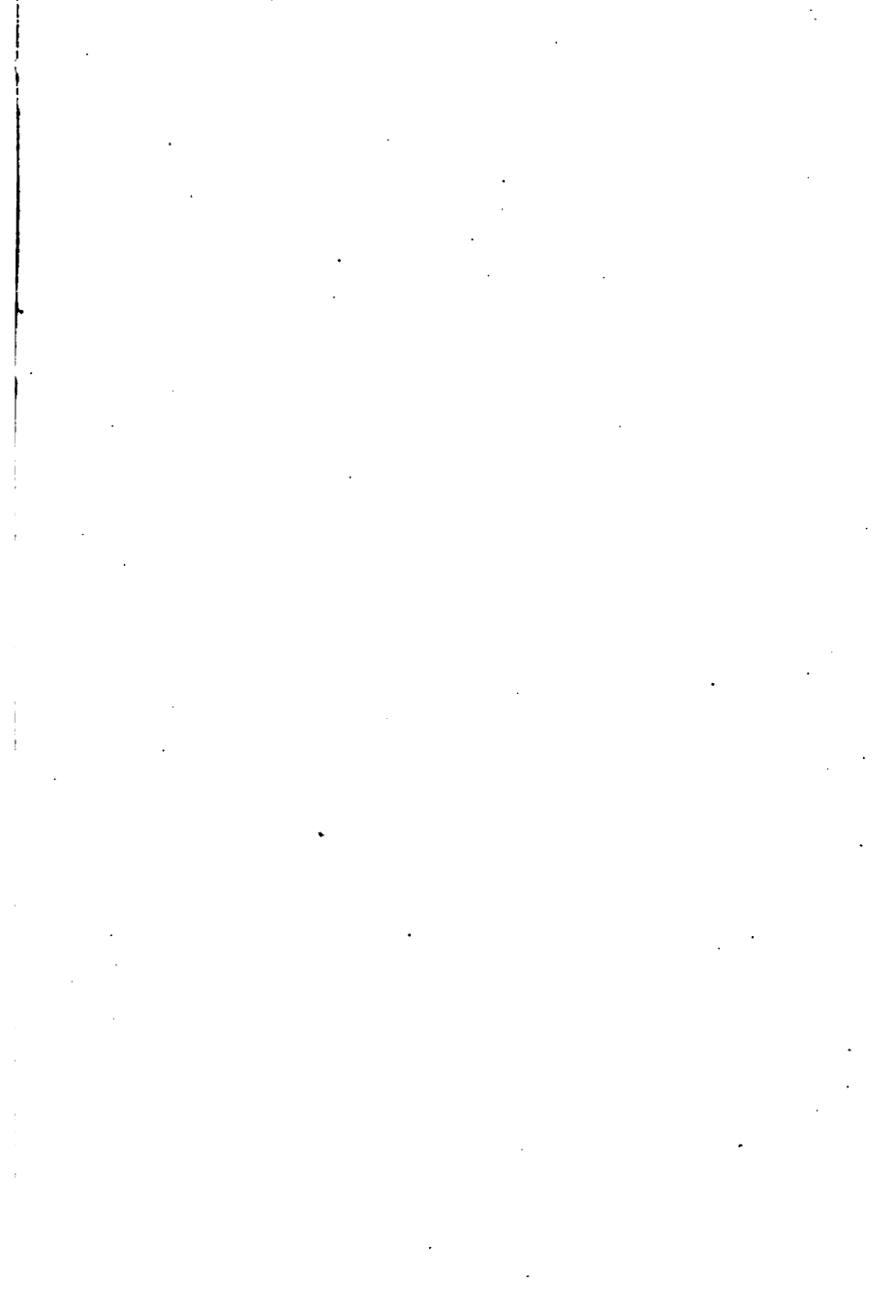
16. The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

60. SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

I. Let the class read selections from any other *Fifth Readers* in the library, or from *Supplementary Readers*.

II. Read suitable selections from Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Irving, and Dickens.

III. Read, in review, selections from *Part I.* of this Reader.



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